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MADAME PANAM, the YOUNG GREEK.

Autograph of the Author

Ad Alexandre Panam

Published Sept. 24. 1823. by John Fairburn. Broadway Ludgate Hill

28285

MEMOIRS

OF A

YOUNG GREEK LADY,

MADAME

PAULINE ADELAÏDE ALEXANDRE PANAM,

AGAINST

HIS SERENE HIGHNESS

THE REIGNING

PRINCE OF SAXE-COBOURG.

TRANSLATED BY

W. H. IRELAND,

Member of the Atheneum of Sciences and Arts at Pari

THE mighty have stained my forehead with blood. From the depth of my misery, O Eternal! I have invoked thy hand against their injustice.—PSALMS.

Y Y 9 17

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. FAIRBURN,

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE extraordinary fate attending MADAME PANAM, and the sufferings, as unexampled as they were unmerited, which she had to encounter, have produced a most powerful sensation throughout the continent. This feeling has been particularly manifested in the French capital, where such a universal sentiment of commiseration has prevailed, and so many exalted and honourable personages have espoused the cause of the innocent victim, that all idea of doubt, in regard to the veracity of the ensuing statements, must be completely obliterated from the mind.

In every region of the habitable globe depravity is found to exist, and this horrid contagion,

more or less, affects every order of society; birth, rank, and education, however, are usually regarded as so many ameliorations of savage barbarity; nay, there are some stretches and refinements on cruelty which very rarely debase the most untutored of mankind. The blandishments of the softer sex, combining the opening bud of youth, coupled with beauty, innocence, and the most devoted affection, are fascinations that might humanize the most obdurate spirit. Violent passions, or a temperament naturally irascible, may be productive of sudden gusts of rage against the harmless and the unoffending; yet, in such cases, we usually find the ebullition temporary, and that pity or remorse soon after make an appeal to the heart, and do not strive in vain. By advancing thus much, we merely allude to the casual and almost daily occurrences of human life, as it would scarcely be credited that the tenderest emotions of the soul could be sacrificed to baleful and ignoble passions. So singular are the scenes which it becomes our duty to relate; so completely are

they removed from common place proceedings in the ordinary cases of seduction, that nothing but the pen of a Radcliffe were required to convert this story into a romance of the twelfth century, when the dungeon, the dagger, the chalice, and the rack, might very justly become auxiliaries to embellish the reality of the scene.

While occupied in translating the following sheets, the writer has frequently thrown aside the pen and demanded of himself whether he was really recording deeds transacted within the last fifteen years. He has considered the ramifications of society in England, from the highest to the lowest orders, and has not been able to picture to himself one native Briton who could have proved the emulator of actions hereafter recapitulated. By this he does not mean to infer that Englishmen are more virtuous than their neighbours: men can only ground their opinions by analyzing those with whom they are best acquainted; and, therefore, as an Englishman, the writer must say, no resemblance of a Prince Ernest of Cobourg

has he been able to discover on the soil of Britain.

A lapse from virtue in a female is, in the eye of the strict moralist, a dreadful crime: I do not seek to tolerate a laxity of virtue, but there are shades in depravity; and the first retrograde step of innocence is certainly to be pitied, even when the dereliction originates in self: how much less heinous is the act, when practised artifice of the deepest die contributes to the loss of honour. We have all been young in our turn; the first dignitary of the church, and the learned judge upon the bench, have equally experienced the goading incentives of youth: I appeal to them, without reference to any other branch of society: yes, I would ask such rigid characters, after perusal of these pages, whether the destiny of the young Greek does not excite a sentiment of horror towards the seducer, and of commiserating pity for the betrayed.

It is when events of this nature occur, that we have cause to hail the glorious operations of the press, that fulminating organ of truth,

that not only levels the potentate to the rank of man, but, if unworthy the name, holds him forth in all his native deformity, as a beacon for the derision or the contempt of mankind.

In the course of the following sheets mention is made of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg, a scion from this German stock. As Englishmen, the name is familiar to us; since, upon the life of the late lamented Princess Charlotte of Wales once depended his future accession to the British throne. Respecting this royal individual we are not favoured with any very long details; from these documents, however, such as they are, every man may draw his own inference; that of the writer is unalterably decided. Being scrupulous of giving offence, we shall refrain from eliciting any opinion upon this head: facts speak for themselves; a mountain may lie concealed under a bushel. It remains, therefore, with the reader to decide, whether, from the following statements, as concerns this individual, the people of England have any just cause to lament that the future occupation of this throne

is not reserved for the German Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg.

To dwell longer upon the nature of the contents of these pages would be a waste of time; since, whatever language we might adopt would only prove superfluous, as any acrimonious reprehensions must fall far short in expressing the disgust excited by such a detail of accumulated barbarities. To the reader we commit ourselves: the public is the best tribunal; let its voice, therefore, decide between coroneted guilt and humble innocence;—between the reigning Prince Ernest Duke of Cobourg and the deserted Pauline Alexandre Panam.

W. H. IRELAND.

London,
29th September, 1823.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE two following Letters will make the reader acquainted with all that is necessary to be explained, previous to the perusal of these Memoirs.

By committing the following documents to the press, I obviate the necessity of a preface; a formal kind of address, that is never gratifying, and which can neither be written nor perused without ennui.

TWO LETTERS.

MADAME PAULINE ADELAIDE ALEXANDRE PANAM

*To the Marquis P * * * de L * * * *.*

My Lord Marshal,

Ought I to publish my memoirs? Your age, your good sense, your rank, and the friendship you have testified towards me, every thing prompts me to apply to you, as the individual best calculated to resolve this question.

My heart sickens at the task. I must develope the weakness of the early period of my life, and the crime of the father of my child. I must, as it were, seek for a theatre and show myself as on a stage: what a task for a female!

Notwithstanding this, it is requisite for me to consider my situation: the man whose honour I fear to sacrifice, and whose sensibility I am pained to wound, has deprived me of every worldly resource. He has rendered my life a desert, bereft me of happiness, and banished from me the consolation of hope. In lacerating my heart, and inflicting the most painful wounds,

during the period of my earliest youth, he has ensured the misery of my declining years. I possessed some share of personal charms; had a hope of fortune; enjoyed my family and friends; my heart was uncorrupted, and my life without reproach. On arriving at that age when women begin to foresee the result of their ripening charms, I find myself, thanks to that very man, bowed down by adversity; dragging on existence; a wanderer from my native country, having become a stranger in the very heart of my beloved France; my imagination worn out with the ceaseless torments I have endured, and my health impaired by physical sufferings; without resource; degraded, not in my conscience, but by the prejudices entertained in social order; deprived of every thing, except my son, who claims from me his existence and his bread.

Does it become me to hesitate? Are there not situations, in which the usages of the world should yield to more important circumstances,—the calls of Nature?

To draw down upon my misfortunes the eyes of an European public, so penetrating and so severe; to expose the Prince of Cobourg to all the vengeance of its opinion; and deliver him up, notwithstanding his titles and his rank, to this terrible tribunal, for ever scrutinizing; to overcome my shame, by publishing my own name conjointly with his, in the catalogue of human crimes and misfortunes.

Ought I to do this? You know me; you are well acquainted with my life and with the world. I will follow the advice of one of the most sensible and worthy men in Europe, and the only one perhaps, who, enjoying elevated rank combined with every mental qualification, has inspired an unlimited confidence and the most perfect esteem.

A. P.

REPLY.

MARSHAL P * * * DE L * * * *

To Madame Alexandre Panam.

I AM not disinterested, Madam, respecting the question which you submit to me in friendship.

Destiny and my forefathers have gifted me with nobility; my heart and the most lively interest have prompted me to become your friend. As the descendant of a number of chevaliers, I should certainly advise you to be delicate on the subject of princes, and not to publish; but when speaking as a friend, I supplicate you to make known your wrongs.

The Prince will hold this mental converse with himself.

"Great God! what scandal! What will be said by liberal Europeans, so justly dreaded at the present day? These Memoirs will become for them a commodious text. See! they will exclaim, from the loftiest rank in society emanates the example of immorality! The period of rape and seduction is returned! Already has the licentiousness of courts recommenced its ancient career!"

It is of little consequence the boasting a princely birth: good sense and humanity will usurp their prerogatives. It is only necessary to possess the feelings of honour and of sensibility, to be deeply impressed with a sense of your misfortunes. The interest which his rank inspires, the prejudices of the world, and respect for his person, are silenced; and we thus address you:

"Yes, Madam, philosophy, the claims of humanity, your personal interest, and the instruction that will result to those in power, every thing demands the publicity of your Memoirs."

If, like so many other females, you had merely filled, in a German court, the rank of a mistress; if, deprived of that employment, you sought to claim a recompense for what appeared to you an unjust abandonment; in that case, no such language as the present would have emanated from my lips.

If even, like a modern Lavalliere, dazzled by the splendour of rank, you had too easily confided your heart to the seductions of a Prince, naturally faithless, I should have advised you, while commiserating your lot, to conceal your wrongs, and display that suffering modesty, which so well becomes your sex and the gentleness of your spirit.

Such, however, is not the case. At the period when a Prince seduced you to abandon your country, the germs of reason were only expanding in your breast; nor had you attained that age when we begin to appreciate with justice the things of this life. The conduct of his Highness was no longer seduction, but an abuse. His art in profiting by the weakness, the credulity, and the inexperience of a child, assumes every characteristic of the most abhorred perfidy.

I know attachments of such a tender nature exist, that, notwithstanding the wrongs committed on either

side, they never cease to leave remembrances so sacred, as to disarm the injured from inflicting vengeance. In such a case, supposing the Prince culpable, ungrateful, and fickle, I know not if my heart would pardon you for completely revealing his faults. It will be said, that between two souls, once closely linked, a mysterious chain must still exist, and that the most cruel misunderstandings cannot entirely obliterate that secret tie.

But how widely different is the present state of things! A victim and an executioner; inexperience and perfidy; weakness and power; the age of fourteen, with beauty and imprudence; and a Prince, having become a father, suffering his son to greet the light in the most wretched asylum; dooming his progeny, as it were, to death, and seeking to deal that fatal blow upon its mother!—Publish your wrongs, Madam; it is requisite that Europe should learn every thing.

Your work will make a noise; it will inflict upon those in power the only punishment capable of attaining them; it will convey to every state of the old continent the recital of your misfortunes; and they will thus be handed down to future ages, keeping alive your complaint and their ignominy.

I am sorry that, in the brief narration you have communicated to me, you should have omitted interesting details; and that your emotions, your modesty, and the tenderness of your heart, should have frequently prompted you to obliterate those little nothings, which depict man, and would have displayed yourself as you really are.

Your hand has been by far too hasty in delineating your portrait; had the task fallen to my lot, although some seventy-five years have made it tremble, I believe I should have rendered more justice to the touching particularities, and to those peculiar characteristics, for

which you are pre-eminently distinguished. I should have displayed you in the light you appeared when first I saw you on the Prader, at Vienna: airy and commanding in your movements; abounding with noble grace; light, though majestic; recalling less to the imagination a young French woman seduced by his Highness of Germany, than the daughter of those burning climes which gave birth to Aspasia, and where Juno was produced from the chisel of Scopas.

I should also have been glad to find a more elaborate description of those feudal gothic manners, whereby you were surrounded; a detail more ample and sometimes more ludicrous. In such case, it is true, you would have derogated from that dignity, the concomitant of misfortune, which it was requisite should uniformly accompany your pen; and, after all, I cannot blame you for only having displayed in the corner of your picture the hypocritical Fickler, with Bazile Tittel and those secondary performers, whose characters for some moments arrest, without fixing, the attention.

That which justice could not effect, shame will, no doubt, accomplish. In the publication of these Memoirs you will, at length, find the means of awakening the noble Court, that suffers your child to languish and to perish. As a citizen of the world, a native of France, a woman, and a mother, it is your duty to publish.

If an untitled man had pursued such a criminal line of conduct towards you;—if a simple individual had seduced your infancy, tarnished your youth, and sown the seed of despair for your latter years, an appeal to the ordinary tribunals of justice would have been your duty. The offender is a foreigner—a Prince; you are in obscurity, you are in poverty, you have a mother and a son.

That poor child, whose lineaments so completely call

to mind those of its father; and whose melancholy countenance appears as the index of all its miseries;—that child so much beloved, for whom you have so greatly suffered, and who has inspired you with courage to undertake so much, commands you still to dare.

As a woman, it is but just you should fix public attention on the destinies and the social situation of your sex. Must women still remain the degraded sport of princes and their valets? Does not the security of that weaker sex depend upon the dearest and the most sacred interests of society? At a period when all Europe is occupied on the topic of reform, is not this subject worthy of being held forth for the meditation of the deepest thinkers?

Behold a Prince who carries off a child of fourteen years of age, forces it to abandon the prolific soil of France, to become an exile in dreadful solitude, under a melancholy German sky, far from the friends of its infancy, and all the accustomed pleasures of its youth. In this dreary spot it is subjected to every privation, to hardships and agonies of various descriptions: a son is born, and this offspring of a Prince, on hailing the light, is precipitated into the abyss of wretchedness; irritated on finding in the traits of this infant his own resemblance, he dares attempt a crime, which, had it been attended by success, would have alike disposed of the victim and her progeny,—the living reproach of his crime: this parent displays every ruse, and exerts the utmost stretch of his power against his abandoned mistress and the unfortunate boy; yes, this Prince, faithfully obeyed by subaltern emissaries, had recourse, but in vain, to poison, the dagger, and every species of brutal violence, to separate the mother from her babe, or to sacrifice the lives of both.

Such conduct is appalling, and it arrives too late.

Forty years sooner it would have appeared less surprising. At the present day, it astonishes, it affrights us; the manners are changed. The actions of the Duc of Cobourg appertain to his rank, but are not connected with the time in which he lives; nor could any palliative be adduced for such conduct but the manners that were tolerated in ancient courts.

There is an old maxim existing, which says, that the atmosphere of courts is the grave of virtue. All moralists, from Theophratus to Labruyère, have repeated this axiom. The renown of Plato and the stoicism of Seneca were tarnished by a transient residence in that spot, so fatal to their glory. From the period of the banquetings of Sardanapalus to the Regent Duke of Orleans, the history of palaces affords a striking record of vices.

I behold those annals unrolled before me. The demi-gods of the East, a Darius, a Semiramis, appear environed by eunuchs and satellites obedient to their pleasures. The infancy of human societies is a witness of the depravity of princes: while, with the sweat of his brow, the labourer manufactures the ploughshare, a courtier of the great King goes through cities and through towns proclaiming aloud, the recompense awarded to that happy man who shall invent some new pleasure for the Monarch's enjoyment!!

Let some philosopher undertake the task of completing this sketch of my picture. While Socrates expires and Demosthenes thunders forth his eloquence, behold the long-robed and cowardly Assyrians and Medes languish: on one side we contemplate a degree of heroism, which should for ever astonish mankind, and, on the other, the very acme of degradation.

History may thus be divided into two great zones. The more elevated regions of society are environed by

an atmosphere of contagion and opprobrium, and all the vapours of vice seem to unite around the summit of the edifice. In the most humble soil, on the contrary, spring up and increase, like vigorous plants, the domestic and national virtues, all that tends to confer honour upon man, that makes him proud of life, and consoles him for the evils incidental to existence.

At the present period, when these manners are expiring, no danger can result to history from the pen of an impartial writer. We must do justice to the inhabitants of palaces. In the grand social movement now operating, they have lost their old habit; the very soil trembles. The question is no longer concerning the rank of cup-bearer at a festival; raising a horse to the Consular dignity; or making the freed man an Empress. It was precisely at that epocha that the courtly historian should have been born.

If he be a painter he will find ample food for the employment of his pencil. In the palaces of the lower empire might be witnessed luxury with indigence, pomp without majesty, voluptuousness divested of charm, women without love, and men void of energy. At a more recent period, in the centre of the Italian Republics, the Courts of Leo the Great and the Medicis were fruitful in talents so much sought after and undervalued; in assassinations committed with impunity; in sanguinary perfidy; and in genius subjected to misfortune. Machiavel composed his tyrannic code; that great problem, wherein so many potentates beheld their holy bible, and some philosophers a mere sarcasm. Borgia outrivalled Nero in cruelty, Tiberius in perfidy, and Heliogabalus in debauchery. It was then prayers were daily offered up to the Eternal, which were so many outrages, and such a catalogue of vices was combined with

demonstrations of piety, that Dante, indignant at the profanation, exclaimed—*O superbo stupro!*

In a dungeon, stretched upon straw, and cast amidst the remnants of human reason, Tasso expiated the fault of having exerted his genius in a Court. Ariosto, that magic poet, whose enchanting inventions must eternally hold sway, was treated as a buffoon by that magnificent Prince, too much honoured in having his name inscribed among his verses.

On perusing history we are fatigued by a recapitulation of events. The dawning simplicity of the Protestant faith consoles us a little. This return to the religion of the unfortunate, the humble, and the poor, dispenses a faint radiance over these melancholy pages. Switzerland, which boasted no palace, preserved for a long period its belief, its pleasures, its repose, and its citizens. The imperceptible Republic of Geneva, which has no Prince, and is menaced by all crowned heads, opposed to them the force of her will, her industry, and her manners. In the midst of these rigid customs, she nourished her thoughts with all the remembrance of ancient grandeur. Rosseau was nurtured within her walls; Madam de Staël appertains to her; and Voltaire, that universal genius, became a resident in her vicinity.

It is certainly true that Geneva, deprived of a court, was composed of poor watch-makers and humble citizens. What ridicule must that town have excited, at the period when the brilliant Hamilton and the grotesque Roquelaure thought fit to taunt the Republic. The magnificent Lords going on foot to the council, having a lantern borne before them! How ridiculous! Such were the conversations held at Versailles, the erection of which palace had cost France the whole accumulated revenues of the country for ten years. There

succeeded the impetuous Montespan, the tender and the unfortunate Lavalliere; and, without enumerating a catalogue of chosen mistresses of all ranks selected by the Monarch's capricious taste, thither went to reign that prude coquette, that devout courtesan, Madame de Maintenon, condemned to the torture of amusing the Prince, who was then incapable of being amused, and who was equally weary of vice as of glory.

Where have poisons been most commonly and skilfully resorted to? Where has the art of lying been carried to the greatest extent? Where has vice been assumed as an elegant acquirement, and the contempt of mankind regarded as an indication of superiority? Where has meanness become a necessity? and panders consulted to find excuses for the follies of the prince, while each endeavours to outrival the other in the skilful imitation of his vices? Where was Dubois formed? Where did Sejan and Narcisse flourish? Where did the Jefferies and the Laubardemonts acquire courage to become atrocious? From whence did Saumaise and Machiavel extract the venom wherewith their pages are imbued? Who were the men prostrated before a Pompadour, that placed beneath the axe the innocent but too haughty head of the unfortunate Lally? Where, in all times, have men been found, who made their degradation a title of superiority; who mingled the greatest cruelty with a refinement of elegance; who displayed the most pride, with a deprivation of all dignity; in a word, who united most vices with the greatest cowardice? All have been found in courts.

The traces of a court in any country are not to be obliterated; that of Charles the Second, in England, left for vestiges a debauched style, prevalent in all the literary labours of that period, and a comic theatre, which frequently appears as if intended to amuse a

Messalina, through the medium of the actors of Caprea. That of the Regent of France should be considered as the common parent of the filthy and disgusting library, which at the present period, constitutes a branch of the education of youth in France. This has also prepared the manners to adopt that ease divested of all energy, that art of talking; together with an apathy in acting; in short, has led us to experience that disquietude which neither confers on the people the courage of *being*, nor that of *being ill*, without complaining, nor the patience of suffering, or the power to suffer more.

In Asia, in Europe, in Spain, and in Italy, you will equally perceive the traces of that spirit prevalent in the ancient courts. Sometimes brilliant, they bear a resemblance to those silvery traces which reptiles leave behind them, on quitting a ruined pile. They become imprinted as stigmas, and spread like stains.

Amidst the icy regions of the north, the virile passions of a monarch reproduced, at the very era of philosophy, the seraglios of Semiramis; and the amorous fancies of a woman appointed the generals and the magistrates.

But I at length begin to feel it! So many hideous pictures must fatigue with their sameness. Vices uniformly found under the purple; always festivals and palaces ensanguined or sullied; men uniformly casting aside their dignity, and forgetting that they are such: courts resemble each other, under the two hemispheres, throughout every century and in all latitudes.

In short, when every delight is accumulated round a single individual; when the wills of all concur in one solitary will, as verging to one common centre; at that point where no one has a thought, where an hierarchy of meanness is established, what virtues can possibly display themselves?

If we follow these examples, the Prince of Cobourg is doubtless not to be excused; but his rank, which, in the eyes of morality, aggravates the fault, in those of experience explains and attenuates the act, without effacing it.

It was, perhaps, exacting too much of the Prince, to expect he should forget all these examples, and to prove as modest in his fancies, and as decent in his very vices as a simple inhabitant of Madrid or of Stockholm. But if that elevated social superiority be a blessing which exposes his Highness to less severe inquiries, at least it was not requisite to abuse such a privilege. Poison and assassination appertained to the time of a Nero, or at any rate to the middle ages.

Your duty, Madam, is to publish Memoirs that will bring his Highness back to the time in which he exists. The present age demands these facts as advertisements, as lessons, as menaces to Power, and to serve as materials for elucidating the history of our manners.

MARSHAL P*** DE L****.

NOTE.

I HAVE followed the advice of the Marshal. I have written with naïveté, and I now proceed to publish the history of my misfortunes. I have in the second volume inserted the details which my friend reproaches me for having omitted; and in a Supplement will be found the original letters tending to substantiate my narrative.

Since writing this Memoir, I have been uniformly importuned to give up my son; I cannot comply. It is in vain they seek to corrupt a mother. My boy constitutes all the wealth I possess; they have endeavoured a hundred times to carry him off; they have even aimed at worse.

I am under the necessity of answering these people in a similar manner to that adopted by the mother in Southern's play of the Fatal Marriage.

"What! take him from me?
"No; we must never part!
"'Tis the last of comfort I have left;
"And when he falls,
"All goes along with him.—Oh!
"I live but in my child.
"No; let me beg my bread
"From door to door, to feed his daily wants,
"Rather than always lose him!"

MEMOIRS

OF A BEAUTIFUL

YOUNG GREEK.

A WOMAN, who is deceived, should bury her sorrows: so wills society. To publish her miseries is to reveal her shame; to draw upon herself disdainful pity, or the taunts of unfeeling irony: we are not even permitted to accuse ourselves.

Men may boast of the victims they have sacrificed; but a woman must alike continue mute respecting her struggles as her errors, her virtues as her weaknesses. It becomes necessary for her to stifle her anguished groans; she is not permitted to complain, and even less to excuse herself at the expense of her accomplice or her executioner.

I would therefore remain silent, were I alone the victim. But I am a mother; I have a son. It is for thee, my child, I raise the voice; it is for thee, although

but a weak friendless woman, without support, I dare to brave the vengeance of courts.

For my son I have frequently dared death, and misery more terrible still than death, and shame that overbalances even the weight of misery. For him I dare reveal my fault, my misfortunes, and my sorrows, by confiding to the public, alas! my melancholy error, atoned for with too much bitterness! That woman who for a lengthened period has bathed with tears her pillow of straw, rather than surrender up her offspring to cruel emissaries, can she be intimidated by any ordinary considerations?

Fourteen years of weeping and bitter anguish, of secret and corroding grief, have not sufficed to soften the breast of him whom I accuse. During fourteen years have I vainly supplicated bread for my son. A prince beheld his progeny scarce covered with the rags of wretchedness; and death, towards whose bourne indigence and hunger daily precipitated the mother and child, he did not seek to remove, striving to render its effects slower in their operation, while daring to invoke it.

I know, while occupied in this detail, what dangers and what wrath I call down upon my wretched head. I am going to recapitulate horrors: it is on sovereign princes that my accusations must fall.

They imagined in their lofty policy that the weak vengeance of a youthful female would never attain them; the most noble Court of Europe believed itself secure against the attacks of an obscure and feeble .....; but it was deceived. The hand of a mother dares every thing.

I am no longer that young and tender girl, carried off at fourteen by a crowned seducer; I am a mother, and fourteen years of unceasing persecution have endued

me with courage. From subterfuges, meannesses, and assassinations, a protecting God (to whom I offer daily thanks) has preserved me, as by a miracle; all they have attempted, every project they have dared resort to against a female of nineteen; such has been my support, such my safeguard! I am neither ignorant of their credit, their power, their audacity, nor their perfidy. After what has already been executed, is there any thing they dare not perform?

When regarded as innocent, even in their own eyes, they then sought my association. When I craved at their hands nourishment for my child, they presented me with poison. I have every thing to apprehend now that I place them unmasked before the world, and thus surrender up their Highnesses' enormities to the indignation of all Europe!

Let them, however, beware! From this moment I place myself under the protection of a power that punishes, but does not assassinate. Public justice watches over my destiny. I am anxious, as much, perhaps, on your own account as that of the wretched child for whom my succours are so requisite, that the shaft of death (wherewith you six times menaced me) should not arrest my course after the publication of these Memoirs. . . . . From this day (to the eyes of all Europe made acquainted with your deeds) the responsibility of my existence devolves on you.

My persecutor bore me away from my family previous to that age when the mind is perfected by education. Scarcely had I attained the age of adolescency but I became a mother. Scarcely had my babe quitted the breast which had for two years given it nourishment, than its cries in vain required food to supply the deficiency of the mother's milk. Born in Provence, conveyed to Germany, uniformly suffering, a renegade

and unfortunate, I had neither the leisure nor the courage to give myself up to those studies which teach with correctness the art of speaking. Deceived in a dawning affection, my heart only dwelt upon two predominant passions—love for my mother and my destitute infant. Wholly engrossed by these sentiments and my sufferings, it became impossible for me to cultivate my mind.

In my despair, religion alone afforded me consolation: a prayer was the substitute for books. When I had addressed my supplications, the pages I consulted seemed cold; they afforded me no comfort.

My only education, therefore, was imbibed from misfortune. After so stormy and so sad a life, the recital which I am going to make will, no doubt, prove deficient in order, in precision, and in elegance.

May a rigid love of veracity supply my want of knowledge as a writer! I will narrate every thing; I will neither palliate my own faults nor those of others. If, perchance, the impulse of shame should at times arrest my pen, I will gaze upon my boy, and then continue without hesitation. These pages, which my enemies will shudder at reading, inflict agonies while I record their contents. I shall have more than one tear to wipe away: self-love will more than once impede my progress while consigning to publicity its own sacrifice. But while I am subjected to the sufferings which these confessions must inflict, the public will recognise the scrupulous fidelity displayed throughout the painful recital.

My father's name was Alexandre Panam; he was a Greek, and a resident at Smyrna. Perhaps it is to the family blood I am indebted for those haughty sentiments which supported my dignity under the pressure of countless outrages, as well as that ardour of mater-

nal affection which even subdued my natural pride. When the Turks, as a prelude to that scene of horrors which has signalized our æra, slaughtered the inhabitants of Smyrna, in 1780, my father had only sufficient time to embark on board a vessel to escape the Ottoman scimitar.

He landed at Marseilles, possessing no other treasures than his industry, which sufficed to re-establish his fortunes. He was in possession of the secret of communicating the scarlet die to cotton, and he had recourse to this art in establishing a manufactory at Montpellier, which obtained complete success.

France thus presented him a country and an honourable existence, when a revolution, effected in support of freedom, ruined the prosperity of a fugitive Greek, who had sought for liberty on a foreign shore.

All the workshops were destroyed, when my father fell a prey to sickness and sorrow, which terminated his existence. I was then very young; but his impressive countenance is ever before my eyes. Ah! had he but lived he would have been the protector of his child!

This loss left me without any other support than a mother, who was in a weak state of health, and a sister and brother, both of tender age. Compelled to watch over the interests of our dilapidated fortunes, my mother undertook several journeys to Paris and Lyons, during which I remained with my sister.

The misfortunes of our family solely occupied my thoughts; and I only looked for the auspicious moment when my remaining parent would be enabled to enjoy some repose. My thoughts and my affections were wholly engrossed by these objects; and in the unquiet state in which we lived, I received none of those lessons which, at a later period, afford amusement and contribute to ensure the means of existence. I was

neither prepared for the enjoyment of fortune, nor the attacks of misery.

After the severe lesson which I have received, I may at the present moment, with candour, avow, that, if beauty possesses any price, I certainly was handsome. Men were in the habit of telling me so, and they frequently repeated their encomiums; but whatsoever might be their protestations on this head, this frivolous advantage can little effect them, since they proved towards me as prodigal of persecution as they had been liberal in flattery.

At the age of fourteen, my figure was sufficiently striking; my form was slender; well grown; my motions were light and easy. In my features were immediately recognised that cast of countenance for which the Grecian girls are conspicuous; every trait was marked; my eyes, large and black, were fringed with long lids, a distinguishing characteristic of all the women of Chio and Smyrna: this cast of beauty is not found in Europe, and if inferior to the lineaments of women of the latter regions, it is at least attractive on the plea of originality.

The embarrassment of our domestic affairs augmented daily. It was with difficulty the representations of three women, one weak and aged, the other young and a widow, and the third still a child, were attended to. To complete our sufferings, my brother was suddenly taken ill, at Lyons, whither my mother proceeded, leaving my sister and myself at Paris.

Through the efforts of maternal solicitude, my brother was reinstated in health, and we had just received the news of his convalescence, when a ticket of admission for a ball was sent us. In the first transport of my girlish delight, I requested my sister to accompany me to the scene of amusement.

At this ball I received the frivolous and selfish compliments of some gentlemen present, while I was welcomed by the opposite sex with looks of jealousy. I then understood nothing of the language addressed to me on the one hand or on the other. My innocence and my ignorance was then complete. A tall young man with the head rather stooping, and covered with a profusion of curly black hair, honoured me by his peculiar distinction, and conversed with me for a long period; —this was the Duke of Saxe Cobourg.

His conduct was noble, his physiognomy handsome, and his stature elegant. His language, though not fluent, but well-chosen, announced more of assurance than facility in utterance; more confidence than ease. I could easily perceive the marked attention with which the eyes of many ladies present followed his motions, and I felt flattered by the attentions that were exclusively directed towards myself.

A very poignant curiosity added to a slight gratification of vanity were the only impressions which the Prince then left on my mind. He applauded my vivacity, my grace, and my gaiety; and I in return joked with all the giddy thoughtlessness of youth. He became desirous of learning my name, a knowledge he acquired from some indiscreet friends; this was followed by his ascertaining my residence, where, three days afterwards, he presented himself as a visiter.

On making this call he totally discarded that cold and silent haughty demeanour, which so completely developes the egotism of his soul, fully assured and satisfied with his individual superiority. He seemed to interest himself in the most lively manner on learning our difficulties. A Prince and powerful, he deigned to offer his support, his credit, and his fortune.

His visits became frequent: we received him with

pleasure; and we in the end regarded him in the light of a brother. His conversations with my sister were more reserved; with me he adopted the manners of childhood: I had not completed my fourteenth year. I loved him; yes, I sincerely loved him with innocence and with tenderness. This sentiment was purer than the passion, more ardent than friendship, more tender than that arising from gratitude. The Prince unceasingly offered to my imagination an amiable perspective: every day he adopted some new measures in our favour; he appeared to take our whole family under his special protection.

"Your destiny," said he, "causes me great uneasiness. I was, at some future period, to become the companion of his sister the Grand Duchess Constantine. It was his intention to establish my sister at the head of a commercial establishment at Cobourg. He was attached to us as to his own family; he could not quit us: his heart was lacerated at the idea." Alas! since that period, he has too fatally taught me how difficult it is to imbue the soul of a Prince with tenderness; and how little such a heart may resemble that of an honest man!

He did not confine himself to mere promises: he entered in treaty respecting an establishment at Cobourg; and made solicitations in behalf of my mother.

Deprived of that worldly experience, frequently purchased at the price of virtue, we poured forth hourly blessings upon our generous benefactor. In the youthful fervour of my devotion I prayed earnestly for him, and I told him so; at which he smiled, and entreated me still to continue my prayers.

Our mistakes very often excited his gaiety. I one day mistook his running footman, adorned with a fine plume of feathers, for some sovereign who awaited his coming at the portal of the hotel, and I ran to acquaint him with the circumstance. He ridiculed my folly, call-

ing me *dear little innocent!* Such were his precise words.

He treated me in the light of a child; he embraced and encouraged me to call him my father. I wept in his arms, and gave him the title of *our preserving angel, the benefactor of our family!*

I must certainly allow the Prince used much address upon this occasion. Perhaps, indeed, he loaded the picture with too much colour. Such complicated plans of seduction were an useless honour, which he seemed desirous of conferring upon me. A mere child, overflowing with gratitude and tenderness, did not stand in need of so much precaution; my ignorance, my simplicity, my youth, and my confidence, were in themselves sufficient guarantees of success.

The Prince, however, thought it requisite to put all the passions of a young girl into play: he flattered my self-love, caressed my inherent propensities; daily placed before my eyes the good fortune reserved for my family; he carefully took occasion to sooth my ideas respecting the distance that existed between our stations in life; and instilled the poison, drop by drop, with that consummate art for which he has since acquired too much celebrity in the world.

I was presented to princes, and the Duke accompanied such introductions by the most flattering speeches. Sometimes he made me the confidant of his family secrets; at others, he related how many women had languished, indulging a hopeless passion, which a first interview with him had illumined in their hearts. Madame D—— de V——, he said, was wasting with love. A young lady had just clandestinely remitted him a billet: I requested that he would lend me the note, which contained the following fable.

L'ORMEAU ET L'ARBRISSEAU.

" Un jeune et timide arbrisseau
S'élevait auprès d'un ormeau
Superbe!
Seigneur, ah! voyez mon ennui!
Si vous ne m'étayez, je ramperai sous l'herbe!
Ormeau, prêtez moi votre appui!
L'Ormeau majestueux écouta sa prière,
Et servit de soutien à la plante légère,
Qui bientot grandit avec lui.
Beau prince, genereux ormeau;
Prête ton bras puissant à la tendre fougère!
Ecoute la prière
Du timide arbrisseau!"

The perusal of this effusion did not produce in me the effect desired. My natural haughtiness but little coincided with such ideas of protection and meanness: the Prince appeared a thousand times more amiable in my eyes, as the benefactor of my family, than in the light of reigning Duke of Saxe Cobourg.

He perceived his mistake, and continued to pursue his former line of conduct. He was the friend, the parent, the brother, who supplicated us to receive every thing without ceremony. His visits were repeated at all hours of the day; sometimes he would dine with me and my sister; at others, he escorted us to the Tuileries; he was never absent from our society.

When the bad state of the weather did not permit us to walk, we continued in conversation together: he instructed me in German geography, and gave me, if not the most exact, at all events the most seductive descriptions of the manners of that country. German generosity, German frankness, German sensibility, were his incessant themes. He also descanted upon war, cam-

paigns, ambition, policy; and interested my youthful vanity, while he triumphed in his own.

Ah! wherefore did cruel circumstances, in removing my mother, and leaving me without advice or support, abandon me entirely to the melancholy catastrophe that awaited me?

My sister sometimes absented herself: no one knew better than the Prince,—sole friend of our house, and who had become, as it were, *inseparable*,—in what manner our time was employed. He came one morning: I had for some days been indisposed, and continued in bed; my sister had just left the hotel. The Duke entered familiarly into my apartment; he appeared melancholy, and had a letter in his hand: "my dear little one," said he, "I am very unhappy; my affairs demand my presence in Germany: I must begone,—I must quit you!"

I immediately wept bitterly: he took his seat at the foot of my bed, and dried my tears with his kisses. This sudden news completely overcame me; suffering and weak as I was, and having just awoke. I had no power left but to sigh, and never thought of resisting his caresses. The more he talked to me respecting this unfortunate separation, more copiously flowed my tears; he redoubled his ardour to alleviate my sorrow, while I in proportion became more incapable of extricating myself from his arms. He took advantage of this situation; he profited by my sorrow, my ignorance, and my weakness. I became culpable, without feeling conscious of my fault. Never, perhaps, did a woman fall more blindly into the abyss. I was scarcely fourteen.

A more correct judgement, however, may be formed respecting my worldly knowledge from what follows. At the expiration of fifteen days, the Prince, who had never ceased to continue his visits, and in whom I per-

ceived an additional share of vanity, the cause of which I could not define, said to me, while gazing in a looking-glass, according to his wonted custom:

"Pauline, you can no longer continue here."—"And wherefore so, Prince?" He then approached me, took my hands, and, with an affected sigh, said, "My poor child, you are pregnant."—"Pregnant! that is impossible; we are not married." Ernest smiled. "You cannot lay in at Paris," continued he; "remove to Cobourg. I have given timely information to my sister; you shall be one of her ladies of honour. Every thing is decided upon."

I was so stupified with what I had heard, and at the same time so silly, that I made no other objection than the separation that must in consequence take place from my mother, the length of the journey, and the difficulty attending my departure alone.

I said nothing to my sister; and relying on the mere assertion of the Prince, believed myself pregnant. This thought preyed upon me, and produced a dangerous illness. The Duke came daily to see me; and a slow fever reduced me to the point of death. His physician, who attended me, told him unceasingly, that my disorder originated in some secret cause; and that all his skill would be of no avail, so long as I continued to indulge in mute and obstinate grief.

In this state, the return of my mother and the departure of the Prince were announced. From the representations of the latter, my place was already taken, in the diligence, for Cobourg; where I was impatiently expected.

This appeared a fortunate destiny for a young girl without fortune. My sister and my mother, both ignorant of my fault, conceived themselves in duty bound to sacrifice the friendship they entertained towards me

for the brilliant prospects that presented themselves. It was, in consequence, decided, that, upon my restoration to health, I should commence the journey, accompanied by my little niece Josephine.

The Prince could not proceed with us; and a thousand obstacles presented themselves to such a journey being performed by two young girls without any protector; but he had arranged every thing. Thanks to his foresight, all had been previously planned. We were recommended to the conductors of the diligence-office. Male attire had been provided for us, which, by disguising our sex, and making us pass for young students, was to protect us from any dangers likely to accrue upon the road.

I was so pre-occupied with the thoughts of my pregnancy, the anguish it would cause my parent, and the shame devolving upon me; my family was so fully persuaded that an honourable post awaited me at Cobourg; and in the height of my chagrin, I had still such an unlimited dependence on the good faith of the Prince, that we all contributed in like manner to expedite this unfortunate journey. Alas! it was to inflict a cruel punishment for a culpable weakness, which ought not, however, to have found the instrument of punition in that very man who had prepared and profited by the fault in a manner so cold and so skilful.

During the last days of my illness, I saw a personage who performs a very important part in the sequel of this melancholy history. Let us take advantage of the moment to throw a portion of ridicule on this man, whom, in the course of my Memoirs, I shall only have cause to name with horror.

It was seven o'clock; I could not yet leave my couch; a racking pain in the head had for the last two days prevented me from acting or thinking.

I heard a shrill wheedling voice address my sister, to the following effect, in a strong German accent: "Is the poor little one very ill?" To which she replied, "No, Sir; it is only the head-ache; you may enter; there is nothing to apprehend."

I stretched myself forwards, to ascertain from whence these timorous accents proceeded. I beheld a head covered with a powdered, frizzed, pyramidical wig, which advanced with timidity, displaying through the half-opened door a dry lean visage, long nose, blue twinkling eyes, the *tout-ensemble*, displaying the most grotesque and decided expression of terror added to consummate hypocrisy, which, since the period of Tartuffe or his original, had ever demanded the pencil of a Callot or a Molière.

M. le Baron de Fichler, (such was the name of this minister, *friend of the Prince,)* who had so much dread at the idea of sickness, that he fled the sufferer as he would death itself. Commissioned by his master to count out the sum requisite for our journey, he did not dare venture into my apartment, fearful of imbibing some contagion.

He advanced a step; when, to the grimace of affected politeness, succeeded that of terror, which was also immediately changed to a forced look of pity. I could not repress my feelings; I burst into a loud laugh. "She laughs, the little sick one; she has indeed the fever." Thus Baron Fichler remaining at the door, his body without and his hand within the chamber, awaited my sister's giving him a receipt, when he presented the sum of money; with all possible precaution, snatched the paper, and made a precipitate retreat.

I was soon re-established; and we set out upon the expedition. Good Heaven! how rapid was the descent that had forced me into the precipice yawning to receive me. How many misfortunes awaited me!

Scarcely had I entered into life; not yet fourteen years old. A brilliant illusion gilded my future prospects; my fault had been so unlooked for, so fugitive! The promises of a Prince appeared so august and so sacred! I confided so completely in his assurances! I gave myself up so entirely to his direction! I obeyed so implicitly his every will!

The journey was long, and the Diligence frequently halted. This slowness, and the singular characters who occupied the heavy vehicle, gave rise to many ludicrous scenes, which, at any other time, would have forcibly arrested my attention. The elasticity of my youth and that extreme quickness of sensation which were my leading characteristics, led me to perceive the ridicule which my misfortunes prevented me from noticing, and I sunk again into the most profound reverie! it was in vain that the singular disputes that arose between my fellow-travellers, for a short period, aroused me from thought. The isolated state to which I was reduced, the remembrance of my error, and the mental sufferings that oppressed me, soon replunged my thoughts into the same melancholy contemplations.

Night approached, and we slept. It was, however, predestined that I should experience every untowarded event; my comb became loose, and my long black hair fell upon my shoulders, so that with return of morning my sex became manifest.

I was now inundated with questions; to which my sole reply was a flood of tears. My age and my weakness inspired sentiments of pity. A German lady freely offered me her protection; an officer addressed his conversation in tender accents; the merchant, in a very disagreeable manner, paid his court; and the ecclesiastic preached to me in a manner that redoubled my *ennui*.

How great were my sufferings during the residue of

this journey! The importunities of some and the gallantry of others, compassion and curiosity, morality and ceaseless questionings, were alternately my lot. I endured an absolute state of martyrdom.

I was a child, without protector. My only answer was my tears; and the pity they excited proved for me a new source of torment. The young man, who had become an impromtu lover the moment he ascertained I was a female, followed me, beset me, forced me to retire within my room at the inns where we halted; so that, in order to avoid his importunities, I was necessitated to demand the protection of the landlords and the care of the domestics.

In short, every thing affrighted and gave me cause of suffering. From the luckless moment when my tresses escaped by chance, and falling on my shoulders, had betrayed my condition, it appeared to me that every observer read my weakness in my eyes. Sometimes an unfeeling interrogator intruded upon my repose; while, at others, I fancied that I perceived in the person of my neighbour a man of evil intentions, and consequently to be dreaded.

I recollect that one of the most poignant sources of terror to my mind, was a very tall man, with gray eyes, black brows, and very ill-looking, who took it into his head to follow our Diligence from Bamberg to Cobourg; sometimes on foot, sometimes swimming across streams, or climbing the vehicle and holding fast to the same for a certain distance. A few florins, however, which I tendered him, procured me his absence.

Was I in the wrong to be apprehensive of danger? What was the step I had taken? and into what hands; great God! was I on the point of confiding myself? A letter from the Prince, remitted to me at Bamberg, contained local indications, in a cold, dry, and majes-

terial tone.* I scarcely paid attention to this change of style; I sought excuses for the Prince in his numerous occupations and in his enjoyment of pleasure. I indulged much less sensibility in regard to myself than for others; and all the vagabonds on the road were enabled to exact tributes from me, owing to my puerile terrors, the credulity of my mind, or rather from a heart too easily subdued by the impulses of pity.

I almost emptied the contents of my purse into that of a poor young lady, with no means left, having still a journey of fifty leagues to perform, and whose tears and helpless condition affected me. I do not repent this conduct; she appeared so sincere, and was so destitute! But heaven little compensated me for my charity. The time was not far removed when I was to be subjected to a more deplorable condition, during which no one would yield me assistance!

Melancholy as to the present, and uncertain respecting the future, I arrived at Cobourg, after having been subjected to so many difficulties, fatigues, and terrors. The appearance of the place was not calculated to invigorate my sinking spirits. I beheld an ancient town, narrow streets, ruined mansions, and rough doors, that had never been squared by the hand of art, similar to those in the meanest villages of France. An air of silence and desolation seemed to hang over the city;—yes, I call it city; for such is the capital of the kingdom whose Sovereign had invited me thither.

We passed in front of a loftier mansion, more spacious and blacker than the others I had observed. In the centre of a long wall, discoloured by smoke,

* See the Supplement, No. 1. In this addenda will be found all the letters of the Prince; accompanied by numerous documents from other individuals, which fully guarantee the authenticity of my recital.

stood a massive portal, resembling the entrance of a Gothic stable. In a very lofty situation was a double range of small, long, narrow, casements, which bore a strong affinity to the loop-holes of an antique castle, and would not have discarded from my idea the thoughts of a stable, had I not also remarked the Venetian blinds, of an apple-green colour, wherewith they were decorated. Two large rats, I well remember, escaped from the foundation of this venerable structure, and precipitated themselves under my legs. I was terrified at these animals, and I had reason to entertain fear: they were courtly rats. They had issued from the very palace of His Serene Highness the Duc de Cobourg.

Scarcely had we alighted at the inn when the Prince came to visit us; some embarrassment was depicted on his countenance, notwithstanding which he gave a forced smile. "O! Ernest!" I exclaimed, and precipitated myself into his arms. I felt that I was completely in his power; and this cry of nature seemed to say, Behold me, Prince; behold your victim and your lover!

He embraced me, and questioned us respecting the dangers attending our journey, our fears, the state of our healths, and what we had expended. He highly extolled the country in which we had arrived, and amused himself for some minutes with a history of the rats of his palace. However, he stammered, hesitated; according to custom, whensoever an idea weighed upon his mind; and after selecting for some time the words necessary to use in expressing himself, he thus addressed me:—

"Poor little one! Dear Pauline! I cannot as yet instal you in the place which I had promised."

"Oh! my God!"

"Do not weep, calm yourself; it is only for a short period. My mother detests the French; they have done her family such irretrievable injury. She, for the present, refuses to admit a single native of France to her court; but she will receive my amiable Pauline; she will duly estimate her charming qualifications, and will distinguish her from the other females of her country..... Dry your tears; I will press her, I will supplicate her, I will torment her to such a degree that she will become desirous of knowing you, and I am convinced you will be admitted immediately among the number of her maids of honour..... Come, come; is it your wish to give me pain? Dear child, I rely upon your resignation..... Do something for the man who interests himself more than any one else for your welfare. Confide exclusively to me the care of watching over those interests which are dearer to me than my own..... What closer ties can unite us!——my Pauline!"

I made no answer; I was stifled by my emotions. I concealed my face in my hands; the big tears coursed each other over my trembling fingers. Such was the final development of this sad enigma! The Prince had concealed from me the truth; he had deceived me!

What was to be done? I had only one course to adopt; nay, if the most consummate prudence could have been called in to aid by words and by actions a young girl under fifteen years of age, thrown upon a strange country, without friends, bereft of advice, and destitute of help, in the midst of irritated foes, to whose minds the name only of a Frenchman brought to remembrance so many defeats and disasters; even prudence itself would have dictated to me the absolute necessity of blindly submitting to irreparable destiny,

and awaiting from the generosity of the being who had precipitated me into the abyss, that which I could neither expect from myself, from my friends, nor from futurity.

I voluntarily closed my eyes upon my future fate; the man who I constituted the arbiter of my destiny, was he not a Prince? Was it not to be supposed that the nobleness of his heart would prove commensurate with the nobility of his blood? And did not the rights which he had usurped over me, and the advantage he had taken of my inexperience, impose upon him the solemn obligation of unceasingly protecting my weakness and destitute position? At least I thought so!

I then told him with what confidence I surrendered myself up to his views; he coldly thanked me, and then recapitulated his directions, which were somewhat singular.

"I had been seen, and it became necessary to conceal me from observation. Already had the Prince been joked respecting the arrival of two young lads, with fine long hair and small feet. It was exacted from me that I should not show myself, divulge my sex, nor speak to the people of the house in which I was to sleep, and I was to keep the windows closed which commanded the view of a large garden, frequented by personages of the court."

I submitted without murmuring. I felt an unknown pleasure in sacrificing my own gratifications to the man in whose power I had placed myself. I conceived that, by showing excess of devotion, I raised an insurmountable barrier against the attacks of fickleness, ingratitude, abandonment, and forgetfulness.

Ernest had a small journey to undertake, and, during his absence, I became the inmate of the house of one of his gardeners, remaining, in every sense of the word,

a complete recluse. During this state of solitude, the only amusements I experienced to dispel the monotonous *ennui*, were the receipt of an enormous nosegay every day from the good woman of the dwelling, who accompanied the same with rustic German salutations; I heard the distant music of the castle at intervals, and beheld through the blinds some of the officers and ladies, who took their promenades in the alleys of the garden: these constituted my sole enjoyment at the Palace of Cobourg.

There was sufficient cause to indulge melancholy, and I scarcely paid attention to the singlar manners of the country of which I was an inhabitant. The misery of my condition absorbed every other consideration. I ought not, however, to pass over in silence the history of my German bed, which caused me so much trouble.

Let the reader figure to himself a young French woman, accustomed to repose between two sheets, and only finding in her German bed-chamber a large feather-mattress, *beneath* which was spread a very small sheet. I summoned my hostess, and it was a length of time before I could make her comprehend my embarrassment. She was in the habit of reposing *under* the feather-bed; I made signs to her, intimating that I wanted a counterpane, when she brought it, but obstinately persisted in placing it *beneath* the mattress in question. This scene terminated by creating my laughter; I myself remade my bed, and the astonishment of the good woman was not a little excited on viewing me place the sheets above the bed and the counterpane over them; this done, we parted in mutual astonishment.

I supported my solitude with all the resignation possible. It was painful for a young female of my age; I was, however, soon transferred from this prison to

become the inmate of another. A man named *Eberhard, Superintendant of the* PATIMENS, as the Prince expresses it in his letter,* and one of the best of men, perhaps, gifted with a black looking visage and two squinting eyes, who conducted me to a farm, which was his property, and destined to become my new habitation. All that environed me, the care taken to conceal every thing from me, and the manner in which I was treated, were sufficient indices to demonstrate clearly that I had been grossly deceived. I did not prove in a state of pregnancy; no symptom announced that fact. The Prince had led me into Germany under such a pretext, and the assurance of an honourable employment. I now found myself transported in a wretched small vehicle, by the Superintendant of the *Patimens*, through the most flat monotonous country it is possible to conceive; when I at length alighted in front of an old isolated ruin, such being the farm-house.

It is by no means easy to describe this structure, which appeared built in opposition to all ordinary rules, I will not say of architecture, but masonry; while the devastating hands of time had been as busy on the walls as those of men in raising the grotesque heap of confusion, that presented itself to the eye. The staircase was formed of steps much more lofty than wide, which wound round an old central beam. You then descended by two or three stone steps into an apartment admitting the elements on all sides, illumined by three windows, abounding in doors, for you might count twelve openings of different descriptions. By means of some steps, which I ascended, I proceeded to the saloon, beyond all doubt the most costly chamber pre-

* See the Supplement, No. 2.

pared for me by the Intendant of the *Patimens*. It presented a very extensive parallelogram, which is less scientifically denominated a corridor, being about five feet in width and fifteen in length. Eight lofty windows lighted this chamber, while a large green German stove served to heat and incumber it. At one end was suspended a small canopy of brown calico, simple and ragged; in the centre, a little farm-house table; the sides being decorated by three chairs, in the construction of which nothing but timber had been employed; and to these were added a chest of drawers of white wood. On the same floor, and divested of any portal, was my destined bed-chamber, where, by way of compensating for the numerous openings which dispensed the light of day in torrents through the rest of the mansion, this damp apartment had only to boast one little window. Here were two beds and a small table bereft of one of its legs, but which stood firm, having the wall as a supporter.

Mr. Eberhard, who did not comprehend a syllable of the French, had recourse to a pantomimic display of his powers to make known to me, that I was to sleep with my niece in this isolated habitation; and that he resided a quarter of a league from the spot. I made known to him by signs the fear I entertained; to which the Intendant answered by gesticulations of pity and consolation; after which he led me to inspect the rest of the dwelling, consisting of vast rooms unfurnished, without either windows or doors, presenting the most desolate appearance; and I was then left to indulge in those reflections, which so amiable a retreat was calculated to inspire.

On the ensuing day, the Prince presented himself. From his conversations, as previously given, it is easy to imagine, that he regarded me as a weak child, deprived of every resource, and even too happy in be-

coming an inmate of the wretched spot where he was doomed to arbitrate.

I was guilty of a fault; I was a prey to chagrin; I continued silent, fearful of giving him pain; and he, like the majority of his sex, placed to the account of insensibility the motive of delicacy which alone prompted me to remain mute. I neither spoke of the hopes he had given birth to in my breast, nor of the promises so solemnly made, or the melancholy and terror I had experienced in taking possession of this wretched and desolate dwelling. I was in the wrong; generous proceedings fall upon certain souls as *grain upon the stone*, in the Evangelist. He carelessly excused himself, on account of the isolated state in which he left me; he called me repeatedly his *dear little one*, while turning on his heel, and arranging his cravat, by the assistance of a broken looking-glass, that decorated my apartment. We walked together in the country, and he concluded his visit by recommending me, with a very severe aspect, not to throw aside my male attire, and never to walk farther than a certain hill, which he pointed out, that arose directly in face of my dwelling.

I promised all that he exacted: he left me, and I sought for consolation, even under existing circumstances. If the mansion was old and ugly, that was a reason why it should not be attacked by robbers, with whom the country was infested. I shall not behold, said I, German fops nor women of ton, but I shall contemplate the beautiful meadows around me, and may be enabled to succour some unfortunate peasants. I will be the Prince's almoner, and distribute his munificent gifts. He is noble, he loves me, and he must be generous. The benedictions of those worthy people will draw down celestial blessings upon his head, and that of his poor but faithful friend. Can we desire more in this

world? Tranquillity, love, wholesome nutriment, and an obscure country residence, are all human nature needs require. My exalted imagination created every surrounding feature into a charm; and, had the Duke known how to profit by this praiseworthy illusion of my heart, I might have lived happy in the hovel of Esslau, where tenderness and gratitude obliterated from my mind the thought of my fault.

The arrival, however, of two young lads at Mr. Eberhard's old mansion caused a great sensation in the village. I was at table, and for the first time partaking of German milk and cream, when I was honoured by a very ceremonious visit from all the young girls of the canton, who presented me with flowers. This troop of females, for the most part handsome, with a tender and naïve expression in their traits, was by no means disagreeable; all their feet were naked, and they were attired in the German costume, consisting of a short round robe; some bearing large bundles of violets, and others tufts of roses, mingled with flowers of the field.

I made a conquest among these young women. One, a little brunette, slim and delicate, whose blue eyes appeared beautiful under long black lashes, absolutely paid her court to me. This preference was obvious; and became manifest from the most assiduous attentions, and an eloquence in the looks, indicating a passion that began to make indiscreet ravages in her heart. Fortunately, she soon acquired the knowledge who I was, and without difficulty got the better of a passion so inauspiciously kindled.

There was a barbarity in seducing from her country and her friends a young French woman, and treating her thus. The Duke fully felt this; and to console me a little he was anxious to render my seclusion gay for a transient period. He presented me thus disguised to

his sister the Countess Meinstorff. She received me graciously, and I passed for a French youth: all this had been previously agreed upon, and the Countess put such questions to me, as persons are in the habit of doing to an arch young scholar; I answered, however, without any ruse. The Duke endeavoured in vain to assist me in my replies; I always came off very badly; so that my sex, my age, and my condition had been rendered apparent a hundred times in the course of the interview, when the following unguarded slip of the tongue completely unmasked my situation and betrayed me.

"Are you not weary with remaining in the country?" inquired the Countess.

"No, madam," I replied; "I occupy myself in reading, working, and I sew"——

At the word *sew*, which was completely misplaced in the mouth of a youth, I blushed deeply; the Duke assumed a thoughtful air, and the conversation became spiritless. Little was further said; and what greatly astonished me was, to observe that the Countess continued to manifest much kindness towards me. May she now receive my unfeigned thanks! Amidst this wretched narrative, I am even happy in recalling to mind two or three persons who conducted themselves well towards me, or who at least did not seek to injure me.

The Prince succeeded: this kind of interview changed my ideas a little; and I was led to believe for a moment that the Duke was desirous of keeping up appearances, and that the period of seclusion would terminate. I once more yielded myself to fond illusions; the Prince was well aware of the conduct he adopted, and did not fail to visit me on the succeeding day. How many promises did he not make me! What an enchanting morning we spent together! I beheld him softened

at my situation; I heard him swear that I should be introduced to the Court of his mother in a few weeks; he stated, moreover, that the Countess was enchanted with me; he extolled my grace, my affability, and even my naïveté; he dwelt upon eternal constancy, upon being obliged, perhaps, to yield to the views of his family, and contract an alliance of policy; added to which, he expatiated at length upon what is termed a left-handed union. I made answer, that his love and his friendship would suffice me; that I was fully aware of the fallacious situation in which circumstances had placed me; that I expected every thing from him; and that I entirely surrendered up to him my existence.

That which gave me the greatest satisfaction was his permission respecting my adopting the costume of my sex. I hastened, therefore, to quit the incommodious apparel that had been imposed on me; and I arranged my toilette with more pleasure and coquetry (I avow it) than if it had been to attend the benefit night of some first rate performer, or to be present at a brilliant concert. Good Eberhard was the first to witness this metamorphosis; he had tapped at my door with his accustomed respect, and I bade him enter.

I happened to be in the corridor, of which I have previously spoken, and was supporting myself against the chest of drawers made of white wood, enumerated among the articles of furniture, when the good man entered. He instantly sent forth a piercing cry, looked around him, and then, placing his hands before his eyes, seemed as if paralysed on beholding some supernatural form. His regards, first directed towards me, were then bent in succession upon every angle of the chamber, so that he appeared to seek in vain the youthful lad whose form I had personated.

The astonishing contortions of his physiognomy would

still excite my risibility, if the circumstances in which I was then placed had not increased my dismay. At length, he acquired the power of speech, so as to give vent to his stupefaction. This expression was short but energetic:—"Ah! *M. August.... Mein Gott!*".... and he retired some paces; I wept: "*Mein Gott!*" he repeated; at the same time bowing with a mingled air of sadness, wonder, and respect, when, softly retiring, he closed to the door and departed. He descended the stairs, and the continued sound of his exclamations enabled me to judge the progress of his steps, for, in proportion as he receded from my apartment, the sounds *Mein Gott!* unceasingly reiterated, and becoming every second more vague and feeble, made known to me the number of paces he had trod since his departure from my presence.

The country lasses were not less wonderstruck than Eberhard. But the same discovery produced in their minds an impression diametrically opposite. As soon as the young inhabitant of the farm was changed into a youthful female, farewell nosegays, love, and visits; they all took to flight, and I beheld them no more. Even Pamela, my ardent adorer, even she abandoned me.

By this means, I was deprived of my only source of amusement. The Duke had not every day a Countess Meinstorff to whom I could be introduced, so that I continued, in the literal sense of the word, an isolated being; and, to complete my chagrin, the Prince for a short period indulged in a fit of jealousy. One evening, my evil genius so ordained it, while walking within the limits prescribed me, and finding myself on the steep of the hill, I happened to make a false step, and fell. Precipitated forwards by the weight of my body, I continued rolling until I arrived at the foot of the acclivity, nor was my course stopped until I gained the

level soil. I was completely bereaved of my senses; my bonnet was detached, and my head having struck against the stones I had received a few lacerations. In this situation, some gentlemen on horseback came up, who raised me from the ground, and, tendering their humane cares, I at length unclosed my eyes, when the sound of the Duke's voice, conjoined with a severe glance he cast upon me, chilled my soul with dread. These gentlemen proposed a variety of questions; but I suffered too much to make any answer, the Prince appearing to impose silence on me, and also anxious to produce upon them the same effect. He then, in a singularly authoritative tone, commanded me to continue silent and to retire immediately.

This conduct was the most cutting, although not so outrageous as I had experienced upon other occasions. I had surrendered myself up to a complete state of solitude; had endured, without complaining, *ennui* and physical ills inseparable from my situation; and if I deeply felt an assurance of the faithlessness of the Duke's promises, certainly I did not reproach him, but from the bottom of my heart endeavoured to find excuses for him. Two or three harsh words caused me more real pain than any thing else. He thereby injured, in a poignant degree, the inherent and most delicate sentiments of my soul. He caused a revolution in my breast, and, at the same time, infringed both upon my attachment and that unlimited devotion which tended to support my courage and my love. I spent the night in tears, stretched upon the sofa in the corridor.

He came the next day: my eyes were swollen and inflamed with weeping. My appearance struck him; he was apprehensive of the escape of his victim, in case he was not more cautious in his proceedings. He doubtless imagined that some slight change of scene

would soon dispel my chagrin; so that, while offering me consolation in a distant manner, he proposed an excursion to Cobourg, whither Eberhard, he said, should conduct me, for the purpose of visiting his sister the Grand Duchess of Russia, who was very desirous of seeing and conversing with me. I accepted the invitation, without making any inquiry of the Prince, or soliciting an explanation touching his conduct of the preceding day; as I saw in this little attention a desire on his part to offer atonement for the rude expression of his jealousy, which flattered my feelings more than his prior conduct had inflicted pain to my breast.

The ensuing day, Eberhard having a letter from the Prince, I was conducted to Cobourg,* when I had leisure to contemplate the sombre and gothic simplicity of the town. The King of Yvetot himself would scarce have been satisfied with such a capital. Admitted into the presence of the Grand Duchess, I experienced a reception abounding in grace and amiability, and I spent two days at Cobourg very agreeably. The kindness manifested towards me by the Duke's two sisters was calculated to inspire a hope of more propitious days in future, and I returned to Esslau with a contented mind, full of confidence respecting the destiny that awaited me.

I was not, however, to enjoy this state of tranquillity for any lengthened period. In my excursions to Cobourg and its environs, Prince Leopold, brother of the Duke, had seen me; perhaps he had formed part of the cavalcade which I had so fortunately encountered near the farm of Eberhard. Be this as it may, he was not satisfied with a casual glance, but resolved to pay me a visit.

* See Supplement, No. 3.

For this purpose a very singular and incommodious time was selected; seven in the morning being the hour when he rang at the door of my house. I was still in bed, fatigued with the walks I had taken during the week, when he announced himself while in the act of whistling a French air, in one of the apartments leading to my bed-room. Astonished beyond expression, I jumped from my couch, and had covered myself up with my dressing-gown, just as he entered.

He is a tall young man, with a double expression in his countenance, having an ungracious sentimental smile. After excusing himself, in bad French, for the mode of his introduction to my presence, he began to commiserate my situation; blame his brother; intimating how strongly he was interested in my welfare; deprecating the badness of my lodging, and expressing fears as to the state of my health in so wretched a habitation. I made no reply; but no sooner had I found an opportunity of approaching the door, than I fled from his presence, proceeding with celerity from one chamber to another. I mounted the staircases; traversed I know not how many desolate apartments, and at length took refuge in an old loft, which served as a granary for flour. I immediately closed and secured the door, and secreted myself behind the sacks, when five hours passed before I summoned sufficient courage to quit my place of concealment.

On descending, I found the Prince was gone; but the Duke speedily after made his appearance. It became necessary to detail to him all that had transpired, when a scene took place of the most terrible jealousy, fury, passion, and irritated pride; which I used every effort to appease in the best way possible. The result of all these terrors and violent emotions was a dangerous fever, to which I became a prey. As soon as the Duke

had left the dwelling, I fell seriously ill, and was obliged to keep my bed for more than a fortnight.

What female, however strong, would have found in her moral courage and physical energy the means of supporting so many sorrows and torments? Solitude and *ennui*; the recollection of my mother and my sister; dread as to the future; the cruelty of my situation; and the feelings of sorrow and of shame, which my actual position inspired, all contributed at once to overwhelm me.

Alas! one cause of my anguish, of agonies much more acute; but, at the same time, the only consolation of my existence; the object of all my affections and all my pains conjoined to encrease my misery, and was daily growing into life:—I was soon to become a mother!

I was ignorant that agonies were to be the forerunners of that tender name, which has caused me such floods of tears, and which now inspires me with so much courage. The Prince being informed by the physician who had attended me, afterwards made known the fact to me. In the first instance he had designedly communicated to me the false intelligence: it was in the present instance too true.

I should have sank under the chagrin of this news had not the Duke on the present occasion redoubled his assiduities, his protestations, and his promises. He very frequently came to see me. If a fête was given in the environs, he sent for me, in order that I might be present in the disguise of a country girl, or a lady, just as suited his fancy.* He always, on these occasions, found means to evince some delicate gallantry. Whether

* Supplement, No. 4.

his two sisters, feeling for my situation, had reminded him of the duties he owed to me, or that, actuated still by perfidy and dissimulation, he was desirous of blinding me as to his ulterior views, I know not; certain, however, it is, he had never before proved himself so tender, so amiable, so devoted, and so generous. He was prodigal in his display of attachment and kindness; his conversations appeared to breathe the most touching tenderness. He accused himself for having seduced me, and torn me from my parent and my friends. He seemed anxious to repair his fault; this new testimony of his love, which I bore within me, appeared as a fresh pledge of his eternal friendship and my happiness. It seemed his intention to watch personally over the education of his progeny, for which he pictured to himself the brightest prospects in future.——I believed every thing, and I was happy.

Notwithstanding this, in the height of these transports and his promises, some characteristic traits, from time to time, became manifest, that betrayed the real sentiments of the Duke. I will content myself with the mention of one, totally unparalleled, I believe, in the annals of love.

The Prince had a small country-house, at Russenau, from which place, and Eberhard's farm, the distance was more than quarter of a league. After a brilliant fête, at which I had assisted, and where the Duke became very much fatigued, he sent word to me that he found himself indisposed, and being under the necessity of remaining at Russenau, he supplicated me to go and see him. It was night when the summons arrived; the rain began to fall, and some distant lightnings announced the coming of a storm. I did not, however, hesitate, but followed with hasty step the guide whom the Prince had despatched to me.

On beholding in the distance what I conceived to be

the mansion-house of Russenau, as I was impatient to gain a shelter, being completely drenched, I began to run as fast as possible. The man, however, who escorted me, speeded after me, and having expressed his ill humour in very unceremonious terms, on overtaking me, forced me to retrace my steps for some way, and then stationed me, like a sentinel, under a great tree, which I had previously passed, telling me, with a German oath, to continue there until I was summoned. I was thunder-struck with astonishment, but my feelings were further submitted to the rack as I beheld my guide enter the dwelling alone, who, after double locking the door, disappeared.

I had heard the sound from the large bolts which he pushed to: I saw the light he carried as the bearer mounted the stairs, after which it appeared at different windows of the dwelling, and then entirely disappeared. All was now silent, except those hollow plaintive sounds preceding and following tempests, and which mark the intervals of repose. Terror and incertitude, with the effect of the wind and the rain on my delicate and agitated senses, had produced a trembling throughout my frame, and every member of my body was in a state similar to that produced by ague. In this manner two hours passed away and yet no one appeared.

At length, I thought I could distinguish a voice which called me; I was so affected, so frightened, and so paralyzed, that I had not resolution to quit the shelter of the tree. A second time I was summoned, when I distinctly recognized the voice of the Duke; I then advanced, and perceived him at a small window of the first story, holding a lantern in his hand, and making signs to me.

"Come, come, Pauline!"

"Is the door open?" I replied.

"No; there would be danger: people would suspect something; besides, the porter is gone to bed.

"But how am I to act?"

"At the foot of this wall I have placed a ladder."

"Ah! I supplicate you, Ernest, do not come down, the first story is too high; you would kill yourself, Ernest! my prince, my friend, do not venture I conjure you."

"The question is not about coming down," was the reply, "but climbing up. It is for you, Pauline, the ladder is placed, in order that you may ascend to see me. Come, come; I perceive that you are not so ill as I was given to understand; you joke very pleasantly."

"I pledge you my honour, I do not joke," was my answer: "I am very serious."

"You laugh!" said he.

"No, on my honour!"

"You will be overheard, Pauline, if you do not ascend immediately. Make up your mind! It rains in torrents. Do you observe the lightning? Certainly it is going to thunder. You quite frighten me; come, mount up!"

"Where is the ladder?" I demanded.

"There, under my window."

"But it is not half long enough to reach it: I shall never be able to gain your balcony."

"I will hand out a chair from the window, and support it with both my hands."

"But I shall kill myself."

"Pshaw, pshaw!"

I gazed with affright at the distance of five or six feet that separated the summit of the ladder from the balcony, when suddenly a violent clap of thunder resounded. Terrified, I prepared to ascend, without being conscious of the action, and at the risk of killing myself ten times over, I attained the height of the ladder, the chair, and,

lastly, the balcony. Scarcely had I obtained a firm footing, when a terrible gust of wind shattered the windows; the ladder slipped, and the Duke caught me in his arms in a state of insensibility.

Such were the considerations of a Prince towards the female he had seduced, and who was on the eve of presenting him with a son; such was the delicate gallantry and pure sensibility of the Duke of Cobourg.

Notwithstanding such treatment, I resolutely continued in my solitude, and supported my humiliating position.

Shortly after this singular nocturnal adventure, I went to seek refuge in the small town of Amorbach, being bearer of a letter from the Duchess, which, although containing real recommendations, was interspersed with cruel *counter*-truths;* but, being only calculated to injure a poor working girl, were therefore no doubt disregarded.

I cannot recall to mind my residence in this wretched village without blushing for the noble personages who dared confine me there. My residence was that of the keeper of a coal-shed; and the individual that supplied me with food the chimney-sweeper of Amorbach, yet the reigning Duke was my protector, and the Prince of Linanges was the personage who had received me.

I represented to the latter, that I was destitute of absolute necessaries. Bathed in tears, I made known to him, that it was impossible for me to continue any longer in a town where my physical necessities augmented my moral sufferings. This worthy man, whom Heaven had created a Prince, I know not wherefore, commiserated my misfortunes, and frankly addressed me to the following effect:

* Supplement, No. 5.

"I know the persons with whom you are concerned. I cannot in too strong terms recommend you to be upon your guard. Have not I myself been made the dupe of their promises? and did not they cajole me with fine speeches, before I became connected with their family? I did so; and they never made good a single word they had uttered. Miss, your destiny interests me; and I feel the more disquietude, because I well know those on whom you are dependent."

In vain did the Prince entreat me to remain at Amorbach, to have patience, and await events. I represented to him the wretched state of my health; I made him feel how greatly my continuance at Amorbach might prove fatal to me. He at length coincided with me in opinion; and I set forward for Cobourg, under the protection of Counsellor Tittel, who had been my conductor thither.

Counsellor Tittel is one of those men we only meet with once during our lives; when found, it becomes necessary to depict him. A face almost without eyes, and which, at the primary glance, seemed only formed of a nose; hair, like that of a child, whose exuberant red locks completely cover the shoulders; and an immense mouth, forming an horizontal line across the middle of the physiognomy, such were the traits nature had bestowed upon this individual. Unfortunately, Mr. Tittel took no pains to correct, through the medium of art, these unfortunate gifts. A filthiness almost unexampled was his leading characteristic, while the most grotesque manners completed the picture. Narrow-minded, and gifted with little instruction, the acme of his science had led him to discover that the sublime consisted in economy. I shall long call to my recollection the white *half-shirt* suspended to a hook in his antechamber, a necessary article of dress, wherewith he arrayed himself

every time he was summoned to court by the Prince, and which was replaced upon the peg, on his return, to be again resumed when his presence was demanded at the palace.

I trust I shall be pardoned for the freedom with which I, from time to time, trace such singular characters. The sketch is correct, and the revenge very far from cruel: we may pardon the epigram from him who beheld the dagger that menaced his breast. I must also confess that this proves a kind of antidote to the odious task which the welfare of my son exacts.—Grotesque descriptions spare me the horror of a recital, too painful for my feelings. In retracing the ludicrous recollection of certain individuals, I find my dread and my hatred converted into pity, and I am tempted to pardon the crime on account of the *ridicule*.

Under the guidance of the fascinating Tittel, I regained Cobourg. Who would credit the recital? a child of fifteen, victim of an offence which morality does not pardon, but may be rendered excusable and worthy of pity on the plea of age; this child bearing another, and flying from a nauseous hut, where the food and the want of proper care must have consigned both parent and her progeny to the grave in two short months; yet this very child was only welcomed by the Prince with rage, pride, and obduracy. He displayed no one sentiment of commiseration either for my health, my sorrows, or my prayers.

A letter from the Duke * commanded me to remain prisoner in my apartment during the day. Such conduct was in every way consistent, after making me escalade a balcony and stand sentry; he put me under arrest, like a

* Supplement, No. 6.

refractory grenadier. I did not obey command: I flew to the palace, where a new scene awaited me.

The Duchess-mother began by pouring forth a volley of invectives. In vain did I fly to avoid her—in vain did I conceal myself in the corners of the apartments, whither she pursued me. I incessantly heard the clacking of her enormous slippers, which echoed over the flooring, and announced her coming, or rather her fury-like approach.

"Well, well! when will these tragic-comedies finish? doyou think, my pretty miss, that I can permit my son to crown so many fooleries?"

At this word the hauteur of the Duke took offence, and, while I had fallen upon my knees and was weeping bitterly within the alcove of one of the grand windows, the son and the mother had rather a warm altercation. The Duchess perceiving that her fury only produced the effect of overwhelming me, and irritating her son, suddenly changing her tone and aspect, advanced towards me, making me sit down, and endeavouring to dry my tears.

Gracious heaven! happy are the persons born in regal dwellings, who possess such empire over themselves, and can so absolutely command their passions, their rage, their tones, their souls, and their physiognomies!

"Madame," said I, on beholding her calm, "I have no intention, neither do I know what views you attribute to me: you are well acquainted with the unfortunate circumstances that detain me here; my presence at Cobourg is far from voluntary. If, however, you conceive that it is detrimental to the Duke, I am ready to depart, and will go wherever you may think proper. As to any further consideration I entirely rely upon the Prince; I believe him so much a man of honour. . . ."

"Oh! certainly Miss, certainly,.... care will be taken of you in future.... you may rely upon it.... But

marriage: you, perhaps, calculate upon that.... you would be very wrong in so doing.... "

I wept; these words were so humiliating and so cruel; when she thus continued :—

" Do not cry! really you are very pretty! come nearer to me! She is absolutely charming! Come, my poor child, you are not in a fit state to converse to day; console yourself, take rest: I will see you to-morrow. Tittel shall fetch you, and I am sure we shall become perfectly reconciled." I made my obeisance, stammering, and retired under the impulse of a kind of vertigo, being on the point of sinking every instant through indisposition.

I am a stranger to the stile of courts: the conclusive words of the Duchess revived in me a hope of existence. At night the Duke came; and was prodigal of flattery and promises.

" You have charmed my mother," said he, " your air is so modest and so gentle! I told you before that it was impossible to see and hear you without being captivated! It is my mother who takes the charge of providing for you; it is she who will attend to the bringing up of my child and yours!.... " He completely succeeded in overpowering my mind, so that I forgave his cruel letter, and threw myself into his arms. Unfortunate wretch! how long did thine eyes continue closed on this scene of consummate hypocrisy!

The following day I waited upon the Duchess, and the conversation she held upon that occasion (really a masterpiece of its kind) should here be introduced, were it not that I apprehend its length might render it tedious. It consisted of a very artful commixture of advice, threats, munificence, authority, caresses, and flattery. " You may prove very inimical to the Duke; but then I shall withdraw my protection from you and your child, and the result will be misery!.... Refrain

from this, and you may depend upon a happy destiny; it is I who am the guarantee. Swear to me, then, that you will never be the avowed mistress of the Duke, and that you will even use your endeavours to discard him from you. Yes, my child, it is necessary that you should perform this sacrifice. You must effect a happy termination, and once more tread the paths of virtue. Think of the helpless creature you bear within your bosom; its future happiness depends on your acquiescence with my wishes. Come and embrace me, my dear Pauline—my daughter!—and promise me!"

I acceded to all her wishes; I would have surrendered up my life, if she had demanded it in terms like these.

By such deceptive measures a double end was proposed. The intention was to work upon my generosity, for the purpose of extinguishing in the heart of the Prince a predilection that was dreaded, and, at the same time, blind me in regard to my future prospects. The Duke, however, had only the latter design in view; my youth, no doubt still inspired him with some inclination, which, without annexing to it any delicate feeling, made him anxious to preserve me, for some time to come, under his special guidance.

To what a state of degradation can the potentates of this earth humble themselves when they deem it necessary to accomplish their purposes! The Dowager Duchess of an ancient German Court received me upon the most intimate footing of familiarity:—me, without fortune, title, or friends, and the victim of the seduction of her son.

"Pauline," said she upon one occasion, "how well-made you are! What a charming figure! What is the name of the dress you have on?"

"*En cœur*, Madam," I replied.

"*En cœur*; it is very becoming. Tell me, at my age, do you think I may wear a similar robe?"

"Without doubt, Madame la Duchesse," was my answer.

"Well, then, you will lend me yours; my waiting-woman shall call upon you to morrow, in order to bring it me."

Such was the footing upon which I found myself in the Palace at Cobourg. I became intoxicated without feeling vain. The most haughty of princesses, in placing me upon a level with herself, did not change the heart of Pauline. I had hopes, but I continued the same. I was unacquainted with courts; I had no experience; and I was then in my sixteenth year.

In this manner was I loaded with favours and assurances; and, at about the middle of my pregnancy, the Duke and his mother suddenly took their departure, one for the baths, and the other for Petersburg; while I remained alone, confided to the famous Tittel. During the early part of my solitude, letters from the Prince and Duchess,* written in the same stile, arrived and afforded me consolation.

Some months passed, the communications became less frequent; and I was ultimately left without any resource. I was, therefore, compelled to live in a state of parsimony, which was death to me in my then situation. In vain did I write; what availed the sufferings of Pauline, and how futile to such noble personages were the cries of the infant which I bore? The Duke was married; they had succeeded in procuring my silence; and no further regards were paid to me.

Notwithstanding this, my sister ascertained that I was thus abandoned; she flew to my assistance; when the

* Supplement, Nos. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12.

destitute condition in which she found me equally terrified and astonished her. She immediately took the pen and addressed a letter to the Duchess. The latter in reply coldly promised her protection, and concluded her epistle with these remarkable words.*

" I exact the most rigid secresy respecting all transactions between Pauline and my son. I am indulgent, but I know how to deal vengeance.

" AUGUSTA."

From the period at which Pauline was a favourite with the Duchess, the term of fourteen months were not yet elapsed. What a change within that time! What anger, without any motive whatsoever, had succeeded to so many caresses! How! the favourite secluded in an old mansion, without money, and on the point of giving birth to a son, never hears from her benefactress without being menaced with all the weight of her vengeance!

The Duchess had surely forgotten herself. Scarcely had this document been forwarded announcing her vindictiveness, than another letter, addressed to me,† came with assurances of a continuance of the exalted protection of the Duchess.

FIVE LOUIS D'ORS accompanied this epistle, which, in the distress we endured, proved a most ludicrous contrast with the contents of the Duchess's letter. The most poignant sentiments were now awakened in my bosom: I began to open my eyes; I perceived the intended result of this system; yes, I at length solved the amiable conduct of the mother.

So many promises and so much flattery terminated only in leaving me to bring forth my burthen on a solitary bed of straw, without one farthing to prepare the

* Supplement, No. 13. † Supplement, No. 14.

linen requisite for my infant! Shame, despair, anguish, repentance, regret, and irritated pride; ah! by how many distracting tortures were my heart-strings torn! May the sources of my pangs never be called upon to render up an account of the evils to which they subjected me at that period, since, and at the present day!

It was with great difficulty that my sister prevailed upon me to address the Duke of Cobourg. I wrote to him with energy and bitterness. The reply came speedily,* full of accustomed amiable promises; the succours announced, however, were not so rapid in making their appearance. I was compelled to drag from him florin after florin. The letters† received, sometimes from the Prince, at others from the Duchess, always announced the despatch of pecuniary supplies, which never made their appearance. It was repugnant to my feelings to be continually soliciting aid, which was as uniformly answered by mere phrases, and never acceded to in a pecuniary point of view. My mother, my unfortunate parent, at length came to see me. Alas! what a scene had she to contemplate! Her daughter despairing, dying, in a miserable hovel; her sister ill, and no friendly hand to tender aid. A parent's wretchedness put the finishing stroke to my misery. Her presence, by increasing our expenses, added to our mental sufferings the anguish of witnessing her despair; this tended to complete the horror of our destiny. I summoned resolution; I surmounted,—I stifled every other consideration: I again wrote. In answer to this, I was desired to address myself to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg, who, doubtless irritated in consequence of the scene that had occurred at the farm-house, previously de-

* Supplement, No. 15. † Supplement, Nos. 16 and 17.

scribed, caused *a hundred florins* to be remitted to me, accompanied by a letter, coarse, inhuman, and insolent.*

It appertained only to a prince, that is to say, a man placed above all the feelings of vulgar humanity, to avenge himself in this mean way, and to talk of economy to a dying female, who, under the protection of his brother, a reigning prince, had not wherewithal to purchase the first article of clothing for her infant. It was a species of savage irony; I complained anew to the Duchess,† who replied to me in very vague terms.‡

Two months and a half passed away, during which the above sum of money, expended with the greatest prudence, although but slowly dwindling, became gradually exhausted. I beheld my mother and my sister languishing, and barely supporting nature, to afford me the nourishment of which I stood so much in need. A fever at length seized me, and I repelled with horror the nutriment tendered me. My head, where every thing appeared confused, became, as it were, a fiery furnace. The child within me seemed rising to my stomach, void of food. I stifled my torments; I sprang from the bed, and pale, exhausted, with streaming hair, and surrounded by a sheet, like the covering of a corpse, I flew away without being perceived, when, gaining the door, I ran through the streets of the town uttering loud shrieks. On a sudden I was arrested in my progress, when I dropped upon my knees and shed a torrent of scalding tears: "*O God! O Ernest! do not destroy me! do not become the murderer of your infant!*" It was my mother who had pursued my steps. Ah! at the re-

* Supplement, No. 15.
‡ Supplement, No. 16.
‡ Supplement, No. 17

collection of those accumulated agonies, I almost become a barbarian in my turn. I wish, from the depths of misery into which they have plunged me, to make Heaven re-echo with the malediction of the wretched; to devote their brains to the tortures of delirium, their crowns to scorn, their pride to misery! I could——No; I forgive them.

They could not excuse themselves under the plea of ignorance in respect to our actual situation. Another letter,* forwarded by me to the Duke, as well as one from my sister,† must have touched their hearts, had they been susceptible of any germ of compassion, or could remorse have assailed them. The winter now closed in, and the ninth month had arrived; when I found myself without linen, wood, or candle, so that my son beheld the light amidst the groans of distress, the sufferings of my mother, and the convulsions of anguish, despair, and hunger, on the 4th of March, 1809.

Under similar circumstances, I ought to have fled with my infant, my mother, and my sister, and implored an asylum from charity only, and have preferred death to the atrocious kind of protection I had experienced, under which I was dying with hunger, with cold, and mental sufferings; or, rather, I ought to have raised my voice, while presenting my babe to view, and have exclaimed:

"I am sixteen years of age; a Prince has torn me from my country, under the promise of a situation at his Court; he is the father of my child; his mother is my protectress; yet I die with hunger, and my babe must perish!"

But how difficult is it to become abandoned to de-

* Supplement, No. 18. † Supplement, No. 19.

spair at sixteen years of age! At that period of life we have so much confidence and so easily find excuses for men! We are so averse to contemplate them in all their natural deformity! I was still anxious to await events: I endeavoured to persuade myself; I wrote,—I was patient. The wretchedness to which we were subjected created some sensation; the tale of misery soon acquired a degree of publicity, that might have been productive of considerable injury. I had just brought my son into the world, when a letter arrived,* containing an order for *one thousand francs*. (Forty pounds sterling.)

The best policy for every one concerned would have been, instead of having recourse to these underhand measures, to have settled upon me, according to the promise so repeatedly made, a small annuity, and have paid the amount with punctuality, preserving at the same time the external appearances of consideration and humanity, to which it may be conceived that Princes, as well as other men, are susceptible.

Of this the Duke became too late aware, owing to popular clamour, but still in sufficient time to realise illusions and hopes in the mind of the most credulous of women.

He wrote to me again,† and expressed the tenderest sentiments in regard to his son. How could I shut out access from my heart on receipt of these renewed promises? How renounce the prospect of happiness held out to my child?

From that moment our correspondence was renewed. In opposition to the will of the Prince I christened my son Ernest. The Duke had fabricated a strange tale,

* Supplement, No. 20. † Supplement, No. 21.

passing me off as the wife of a Hanoverian officer; killing my pretended husband by an imaginary cannon-shot; and thus leaving me, in a fictious state of widow-hood, to the mercy of the wide world.

The letters of the Duke, which were frequent,* bore evident marks of constraint, melancholy, and *ennui;* being also characterized by ill humour, which I attributed to his political embarrassments, and to the fatigues and chagrin attending his military operations. He was unfortunate; the victorious career of my countrymen placed his life and his crown in great danger. Our arms, at that period, made Germany tremble, and the noise of the French cannon thundered in our ears. Notwithstanding the secret pride that agitated my heart, I pitied,—I suffered for him,—I forgot every thing;—nay, I still loved him.

One day (it was about the middle of July), the Duke unexpectedly arrived at Francfort, which place he had fixed upon for my residence. He found a very miserable bed, a chamber wretchedly furnished, brown bread, myself, and the infant. Our situation affected him; and, on becoming himself again, he was actuated by more humane feelings. On a sudden he was desirous that I should inhabit a house furnished in the first style of elegance; and had I acted conformably to his wishes, I should have immediately hired a waiting-woman, servants, horses, a carriage, and a coachman. I heard all this smiling, and in my turn proceeded to give the Prince a lesson: I spoke of a virtue which I had too rigorously practised for the last two years, namely, economy; I gave him to understand that I could dispense with a carriage; that a waiting-woman

* Supplement, No. 22.

was not absolutely required; but that I had an aged and suffering mother; that I was giving the breast to my infant, and that the most urgent necessities of nature were precisely those which had, for such a length of time, been entirely debarred me.

The Duke then quitted me, but left nothing, and afterwards wrote, making me promises,* which were frequently repeated. These incessant assurances without performance, the destitute state in which I was placed, and the constant expectation excited, were the final results of all the Prince's flowery promises; while the being for whom he had been desirous of purchasing a carriage was compelled to borrow ten florins to give nourishment to her child, all credit being exhausted. It cannot be denied, that I should have been completely at my ease, if every letter received from His Royal Highness, containing these words,—*you will receive money*, had actually been *a bill of exchange*. But such *assurances* did not pass current. The remittances, which they incessantly announced, never arrived; and the flattering perspective, that was constantly receding, did not prevent me from perishing by inches in my solitary chamber, with my wretched mother, and the infant at my bosom.

It was at the town of Wilhemsbad, a charming isolated spot, that I thus struggled to the utmost of my power against distress and misery. A complete state of solitude is by no means favourable to the unfortunate. Sad thoughts concentrate in the breast, and wretchedness increases, from the energy acquired by reflection in such a retreat. It was on this account I resembled more a spectre than a woman; and my isolated state

* Supplement, from 23 to 33.

soon appeared as my destined grave, when chance conducted some Frenchmen to the place of my seclusion.

General L****, an infirm old gentlemen, of a hasty temper, but frank and rigid, possessed some property at Wilhemsbad, which he came to inspect. "*The bread of the stranger is bitter,*" says Dante, "*his stair-case is rude, his conversation is sorrowful.*"* It was not without a lively sentiment of pleasure, that I beheld some of my countrymen in Germany. The General expressed the particular interest which my solitary condition in a foreign country inspired, as well as my youth, and the traces of anguish perceptible in my features. I accepted the invitations which he at times gave me to spend the evening in his society. In vain did I endeavour to conceal from him a portion of my sufferings, their publicity made them known to him, and my exterior but too evidently demonstrated the state of misery to which I was abandoned. His compassion became daily more tender, and at length irksome. I could not refuse the General my respect, my friendship, and my gratitude; and he profited by these sentiments, in seeking to awaken, in my wretched heart, feelings of another description; and, in order to undeceive me, in regard to my hopes, addressed me to the following effect:

"What! for three long years, during which you have foolishly devoted your existence to the mercy of a Prince, who heeds you not, but abandons you to languish in such cruel distress; and you still expect relief at his hand! Ah! Madam, how little are you acquainted with mankind! It was after the birth of your son, it was long prior to that epoch, your state of existence should have been decided upon. Rely upon my experience; I speak the language of purest friendship: it

* *Sonetto.*

obliges me to tear the bandage from before your eyes. You have now nothing to hope for from the Prince of Cobourg. Call to your remembrance the sad prediction I now make. If you do not escape the position in which you are placed, the future will be terrible indeed. You will perish in cruel solitude, with the babe you nourish. You will esteem yourself doubly blessed in drawing a few florins from that haughty court, to nourish yourself and your offspring. Nay, perhaps, attempts may be made to silence you altogether. I will neither answer for your liberty nor your life: youth, amiability, and misfortune, are but trifling obstacles with courtiers, and you have every thing to apprehend." Ah! that dreadful prophecy still sounds at the bottom of my heart. It has been accomplished in the fullest sense of the word.

General L**** perceived the impression his words had made upon my mind, and this was followed by a formal declaration of his passion, which astonished me, and which I repelled with more chagrin than violence. He offered to share with me his fortune, proposed my following him to Paris, and my acceptance (my frankness shall conceal nothing) of one hundred thousand francs, (upwards of four thousand pounds sterling) to supply my existing exigences. Tears gushed from my eyes as I listened to the proposal.

"I esteemed you, Sir," was my reply, "and you was, perhaps, the only man in whom I thought I could place my confidence. I have only to regret that I could not inspire you with a similar sentiment to that which you had given birth to in my breast. I am destitute; my future prospects are very doubtful: I certainly may be percipitated into the greatest distress, but has any thing in my conduct led you to entertain a hope of success, by hazarding this proposal, so vilifying

to my feelings. No, Sir, I will never abandon my duty nor my son!"

The effort I had thus made upon myself, the terror which the General had awakened in my bosom, and the agony I experienced on perceiving that my sex could only find an interested egotism among mankind, completed to overwhelm me, and a fit of illness was the result. The General, it is true, conducted himself with nobleness and delicacy. Without much more intrusion, he watched over my health, manifested a real interest in my welfare, and, after a period, quitted Wilhemsbad. Alas! the fatal blow was struck; my fondly-cherished security vanished, and I was deprived of the last felicity attendant on misfortune, the phantom—illusion.

The Prince had adopted the precaution of keeping up a correspondence at Wilhemsbad; nor do I doubt but my proceedings were subjected to that honourable scrutiny to which language less polite would apply a different term, and which never fails to create imaginary crimes to prove its utility and penetration. Added to this, my letters penned with the naïveté of youth, the improvidence of my character, and all the freedom of a woman whose conscience inspires her with dignified pride; my communications, in short, contained much matter relating to General L****, his qualifications, and the pleasure which I experienced in his society.

The Duke, combining what I myself communicated with the representations made to him by his secret correspondent, was desirous of assuming the mask of jealousy. The idea was truly ridiculous, but he was in want of some pretext, and this sudden jealous fit served as a kind of excuse for my past miseries, as well as those he still had in store. It is a fact that the General might have been my father, that his infirmities and the wounds he

had received tormented him during a portion of the day, that, in continuing at Wilhemsbad, notwithstanding his offers, I had given incontestable proofs of the little price I attached to his presence, and, finally, that it was myself who had, in a light and playful manner, detailed to His Royal Highness the visits which I paid to the gentleman in question. All these circumstances combined afforded incontrovertible evidence to destroy even the very shadow of this ridiculous jealousy; but the least appearance sufficed; the absurdity of the pretext was of little consequence, so that the result proved the same. The wolf in his converse with the lamb did not think fit to scrutinize so deeply.

The resolution of being jealous once adopted, the Prince acquitted himself to perfection, and, in two letters,* he declared that he was furious at my intercourse with "*the General I so much extolled;*" and, again, "*the nights were long, and he grew weary;*" and, lastly, by way of crowning the whole, "*that he would no longer act the good man,*" and would in future remit me very little money. Alas! it would have been difficult to have sent me less than he had hitherto done.

This was carrying the joke a little too far; my soul became soured by these ceaseless torments; I abandoned all idea of hope, and the chimeras respecting the future had ceased to make me support the anguish of the present. My sacrifices had only served to ruin me; my generosity became a weapon against myself: my youthful simplicity rapidly vanished; a determined acrimony characterised all my actions and every hour of my existence; I could no longer be said to live; I languished. The letters which I despatched to the Prince expressed

* Supplement No. 34.

with bitterness the state in which I found myself; these only provoked two answers, at once vague and dry,* and wherein an insulting apathy vainly endeavoured to assume the tone of rage.

Shortly after this, however, the Duke, without advertising me, came to Wilhemsbad. At five in the morning, I heard a violent knocking at my door. Thus suddenly awakened, and while listening to recognise the voice which so imperiously demanded admittance, and obliged to slip on my dressing-gown, in order to go and open the door, a short lapse of time occurred. Scarcely had I drawn back the bolt, when the Prince precipitated himself into the chamber, and with a loud noise, forced open the door of a press; searched in all the corners; and whether it was that he only acted this farce, or really was impelled by jealous fury, he inspired me with real terror. After this ludicrous paroxysm, he became appeased.

What a singular contrariety of the human heart!—that the very cause of all my misery and sufferings should still appear to lament them. On beholding my unfurnished apartment, and the child sucking at my breast, his obdurate heart became somewhat softened. Taking my hands, and fixing his eyes upon me, he exclaimed, "Poor little one!" His compassion was even wrought upon to tears; and, in a tone of the profoundest tenderness, he incessantly kept repeating, "Poor Pauline, poor child!" as if he himself had not been the cause of the evils he deplored, and that one word from his lips would have put an end to my torments!

Nothing, perhaps, in the history of the human heart could be more extraordinary than these moments in the

* Supplement, Nos. 35 and 36.

life of the Prince. He found, as it were, the means of creating for himself two souls, the one occupied in deliberately tearing my heart strings, while the other directed a sorrowful glance upon the state to which he had reduced me. It may be said that he divided his own being, and, forgetting that he was my executioner, had the courage to weep over my misfortunes.

On observing he was sensibly touched by my wretchedness, I was desirous of opening his eyes in respect to his conduct towards me, and I requested him to peruse a letter which General L****, * had just sent me. In this communication, after making some statements respecting my brother, who was serving in the army of Italy, he complained of the rigidity of my morals, and menaced me as he had uniformly done, with the deplorable perspective I should ultimately encounter. Never did any document carry with it more visible marks of veracity.

The Duke stammered, excused himself to the best of his power, and proposed to me a little tour to Frankfort. The excursion was of short duration, and did not prove very agreeable. We were to return to dinner; my child had not received any nourishment since the morning. Notwithstanding this, the Prince, under the pretext of having to pay a short visit to one of his friends, left us in the city, dined (as I have since been positively informed) with some female, and never deigned to think of us till seven o'clock in the evening, a proceeding as barbarous as it was insulting.

On entering the carriage, we had to travel in a most terrible tempest, the snow fell very thick, and it was with difficulty the horses could drag the vehicle.

An unfortunate old man, half naked, presented himself

* Supplement, No. 37.

to supplicate charity, when I drew from my purse a silver coin of the value of some *kreutzers*,* which I was on the point of throwing to him, when the Prince, violently seizing my arm, reproached me in harsh terms for my prodigality; this did not, however, prevent me from bestowing the coin as intended, and I was in consequence subjected to hear a very long sermon, which, I must confess, did not afford me much edification.

I blushed for the Duke; had I been capable myself of such a sentiment I should have shuddered at my inhumanity. What could be expected from a soul thus constructed? All the compassion that had animated him upon entering my dwelling, must have inevitably vanished before a prodigious love of lucre; and what destiny had I to expect for my child from him, who had not a twelve kreutzer-piece to bestow upon one of his wretched subjects?

Once more I voluntarily closed my eyes upon that conviction, which my fears and sad thoughts, respecting the wants of generosity and frankness in his Royal Highness, ought naturally to have awakened in my mind. He left me with promises, and wrote to me, as did also his mother;† but, in the interim, our wants were so cruelly oppressive, that my sister repaired in person to recall to the recollection of the Duke his promises and our existence. The result was assurances of a supply, a coin that costs so little; and, at length, my sister went to Dresden; no more letters arrived, and my communications remained unanswered. Three months rolled away, in the very depth of winter, so that I continued, with my child and my mother, bereft of all assistance. Accumulated sufferings had steeled my heart; too much kind-

* A German halfpenny.

† Supplement, Nos. 38 to 43.

ness and patience had wrought upon me this conviction, that the more we endure the more we may expect to suffer.

A bold resolution seized my mind in the midst of the horrible extremity in which we were plunged, and became rooted in a heart, naturally weak and yielding; but to which, excess of misery, had given an additional impetus. Mother and daughter, and, at the same time, the witness of a parent's and an infant's sufferings, I forgot that I was only seventeen, and a woman without support: I proceeded to Cobourg; this was the step so greatly dreaded by the Duke and his mother. They had carefully kept me at a distance from the Court, a wretched victim, whose lamentations would have fatigued the royal ears. They dreaded the impression which my complaints and my misfortunes might have produced upon popular feeling, already by no means favourable to an avaricious and faithless Court. They were well aware that the spectacle of a young female, with her infant and aged parent, requiring justice from the barbarity of a Prince, at the gate of his own palace, would touch the souls, even of the lowest ranks of society. Resolved not to quit Cobourg until a termination should be put to the uncertainty and wretchedness of our existence, in providing a certainty, not for myself, but my son, I prepared to encounter every outrage and torment, arming myself with humility and courage.

As I had pre-supposed, on ascertaining my arrival, fresh fuel was added to the fire: the Duke and the Duchess wrote to me* the most fulminating letters. The ensuing day I had an audience with the Duchess, whose conversation proved equally curious with that I have already recapitulated.

* Supplement, Nos. 44 to 46.

Her first words and her reception greatly surprised me; I naturally expected a storm of invective: she, however, approached and, embracing, pressed me in her arms. "My dear girl!" cried she. "Ah! how handsome you are! The Duke was perfectly in the right when he told me that you improved daily: that robe of blue Levantine, that straw hat, and that large veil, become you amazingly. Come, and sit down beside me, my elegant young traveller; you know I have cause of complaint against you."

I excused myself in the best terms possible, and then remarked to the Duchess that the state in which we were left, the sentiments of a mother and a daughter, the sufferings of that creature most dear to me in existence, the insufficiency of the means promised to us during a state of war, and which might, inadequate as the sum was, be momentarily cut off; in short, the acme of misery to which we found ourselves reduced had determined me to present myself, and to claim her promised protection.

"Ah! my God! we are ourselves in a very critical position; the chances of the times and of war may, from day to day, deprive us of every thing we possess in the world."

"That very consideration argues in favour of the step I have taken, Madam. The honourable sentiments which doubtless animate the heart of the Prince should, under similar circumstances, prompt him to decide on making some provision for his son. If misfortunes, which I cannot foresee, deprive him of his principality, and that he should experience the regret of seeing his infant left without resource"——

"But, Pauline, you laugh,—you joke! What then do you think to make of your child? a duke, a prince, an emperor?"

" A man, Madam!"—

" Ah! ah!"

" And a good education"—

" You enact the extravaganza, my dear."

" No, Madam Duchess, my child is more dear to me than my own existence. I am resigned to suffer, so I can only feel an assurance that he will not become a victim. It is for him alone, and to learn the definitive resolutions of the Prince as regards his welfare, that I have undertaken this journey to Cobourg."

" Give the child up to me; I will see to his being placed out. Some honest countryman shall take charge of him." Here she paused.

After some moments of silence, the Duchess thus resumed. " Pauline, be upon your guard! You may have heard of a female Switzer——of a woman..... She, too, had pretensions,... Her child was taken from her. Go, and inquire what became of her."

Thunderstruck, I continued mute; but this trait did not escape me. The Duchess became more mild, and approached me.

" Young and handsome as you are, you have a long futurity and countless pleasures in store. Be reasonable; resign the child to me, and go yourself and seek amusement in Paris."

" Ah, Madam! my pleasure is centred in my child. My destiny depends upon the fate reserved for him; and I pledge you my honour I would sacrifice all the amusements in the world to enjoy one of his caresses, and feel his lips pressed to mine."

" What a child you are,—you laugh!"

" I crave pardon, Madam; I ought to have concealed my feelings, but you struck me to the heart. You despise my child; you wish me to abandon it; you menace me with taking it away; you seek to possess the

infant, in order that it may be brought up among the unfortunate, who are regarded by society with unmerited disdain! He is the offspring of a Prince; he is mine and your son's! You well know whether I quitted France of my own accord; you are not ignorant of the circumstances that led me hither to play the unfortunate part allotted me; you are my protectress,—you repel my son! and you will"———

"Dry your tears;—do not sob;—come, calm yourself. Adieu, Pauline; I shall see you again to morrow, and will converse with you. You are not now in a state to listen to me; adieu." The Duchess left me.

I returned dreadfully ill; and, on the following day, Counsellor Tittel brought me an invitation from the Duchess,* which I did not accept; my feelings were outraged. Several persons of the Court successively announced to me the Duke's pleasure, signifying that I must immediately quit the city. My uniform reply was, that I awaited the decision of his Royal Highness on the subject that interested me; I collected all my courage, declaring that I would not depart until something decisive should be concluded respecting the fate of my child.

The Duke shut his doors against me, and some domestics were sent to my lodging, who threw the furniture into the street; while an order was issued, that no one should provide the least food to the French woman and her infant. It was at this period the atrocious persecution commenced, which was intended to put an end to me and my progeny. The castle of the Prince stood facing us; and it was not from his fault but in consequence of his positive orders, and under his very eyes, that we suffered all the agonies of hunger and distress.

* Supplement, No. 47.

My pen now refuses to record my sufferings. My child was dying and we had no bread. In every quarter where I applied, the persons paid by the barbarian loaded me with abuse. Milk, water, a morsel of brown bread, were denied us. Every thing that we had possessed was thrown out of the windows; my boy, my only treasure, whom I held firmly clasped to my heart, they sought to tear from me, and the wretches would have struck him, had not an involuntary fury seized me. I snatched the infant away with a force of which I did not conceive myself mistress, and exclaimed, "Monsters! you may sacrifice the son of your master, but you must first kill his mother!" The wretches shrunk back astonished, and said one to another, "It is the Duke's son;" and they then retired, muttering as they went, "*Die herzog ist chelimen!*"—"He is a wicked duke!"

I pause before I continue the sad recital of the new torments allotted me; my soul and my memory feel the absolute necessity of some repose.

END OF PART THE FIRST.

MEMOIRS

OF A BEAUTIFUL

YOUNG GREEK.

PART THE SECOND.

DURING one month, this spectacle of a dying woman with her infant and mother remained in sight of the Prince, and under the palace windows. After the lapse of thirty days of ceaseless misery, one Major Szymborski, a man gifted with feelings of humanity, but devoted to his master, and forced to hide from us a portion of the interest with which we inspired him, waited upon me, in order to procure my signature to a species of compromise, whereby the Prince purchased my departure from Cobourg at the price of a pension of three thousand francs, (a hundred and twenty pounds sterling). I consented to ratify the act,* insufficient as the sum

* Supplement, 2d Part, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and the Contract, No. 7.

was at that period, and in that country. I quitted Cobourg, and one series of insults accompanied me on my route. The subalterns, always the worst and most cruel of tyrants, had been commissioned to avenge the Prince, and they acquitted themselves to the extent of their authority. Food was denied me; invectives were heaped upon me; they would have struck the child in my arms, had they not been apprehensive of a mother's fury, and had I not vigorously proved upon several occasions that I was determined to defend him at my own personal risk.

I enjoyed, for some time, at Dresden, the repose of which I stood in so much need. Alas! this state of quiet was too soon disturbed. The Prince came. Why did he not leave me at peace? Wherefore did he not abandon me?

With that cold and insulting frivolity, which betrays a complete forgetfulness of all injuries, he dared to address his victim. In regard to my child, (would it be believed?) with a refinement of cruelty, he felt nothing for him but disdain, irony, and a contempt, which manifested itself in his gestures, with as much coarseness as barbarity. I beheld this father, divested of the bowels of compassion, take his son upon his knee, and then push him away again with disdain: yes; I heard a Prince pronounce vulgar invectives against his child, of which the lowest orders of society are not guilty, even when in a state of inebriety.

It may easily be conceived what were the feelings of my heart for the poor infant. It was on his account alone I repressed the gust of my indignation: I selected the most agreeable words to soften his father; I endeavoured even to repress my tears, the sight of which irritated his cruelty: I pretended to have lost every recollection of the ills which he had been pleased to heap

upon us. And yet how many pleasures has not that child made me taste? They have almost counterbalanced my sum of suffering. How many happy moments have I not spent beside him! what disquietudes has he not changed into delights, when his long illnesses, originating in our misfortunes, changed, little by little, into a state of convalescence, when I saw the colour of health gradually bloom upon his cheek, faded by abstinence! One day (never while I live shall I forget it), I know not what domestic employment engaged my attention on one side of the chamber, my son called me, laughing. I turned; he had arisen; he walked; he came to me; and the first use of his strength was to advance and embrace his mother.

My child, solitude, repose, and a simple existence, were all I claimed at the hands of the Duke: I could not obtain them.

After a period of calm I beheld him better reconciled to us, assuage our sorrows, inspire us with hopes, flatter our pains, and then, on a sudden, be guilty of every outrage, and spurn us from him. He appeared to take delight in this barbarous sport, like that domestic tiger—the cat, which only accords a perfidious truce to its victim, irritating the torture by a procrastinated execution, and the false hopes which it carefully prolongs.

This state of uncertainty and vacillation continued for a length of time. It depicted the weak character of the Prince. The transient remorse he experienced, the inconstancy of his good resolutions, and the facility with which he abandoned himself to the goadings of avarice and inhumanity. He completely unmasked his character.

Sometimes he desired my mother to convey to him his son, when, upon her acquiescence, by a refinement

of barbarity unexampled, he caused her to be ignominiously expulsed from his palace. At others, he would send to inquire if a rental of six thousand francs appeared to me sufficient for the support of myself and child; and two days after, he would menace me with a prison and the police. In short, after having deputed one Captain Verlohren to promise me the above sum, he suddenly caused it to be announced, by the same individual, that I should never receive another kreutzer from him, and that I might go and ask charity, if I thought fit.

Charity! who could for a moment have expected such a thing? What became of the contract entered into at Cobourg, which had purchased my absence from that town and the Palace? Promises, signatures, written obligations, all were broken; what humanity! what good faith!

Not only in contempt of his word, and the document signed *Szymborski*,* his Royal Highness replunged me into the deepest distress; but he, at the same time, commissioned the Captain to inform me, that if a single complaint escaped my lips, the police should watch over me, and that a dungeon should insure my silence. Terrified, sinking beneath the weight of fear and chagrin, I dragged my wretched body to the French Ambassador, the Baron de Serra, who promised and accorded me his protection in the most humane, noble, and generous manner. He then summoned Verlohren, and adduced all those reasons which a well-cultivated mind, superior intellect, and a noble soul could suggest to make me (in spite of the Prince) the advance of a quar-

* See the contract, Supplement, No. 4.

ter's pension, that had been kept from me; and, by this means, I escaped, for a time, that gulph of misery which it was intended should have destroyed me.

Blessed be this excellent man, who at the same time preserved us from the shame of humiliation and some months of appalling misery.

The quarter's allowance I had thus procured lasted for some time; the most rigid economy attended its expenditure, yet at length it became exhausted. People in easy circumstances can form no idea of the agonies that assail the heart, when all hope of resource is at an end; when, exposed to the wide world, where every thing, even to the very air we breathe, must be purchased, we behold the last coin expended!

I was at that period an inmate of the hotel of Poland, when I summoned M. Bienne, the landlord, to my presence, and frankly disclosed to him every thing relating to my situation. He took pity on a defenceless infant of fifteen months old, and its mother, aged seventeen. He felt convinced that the Court of Cobourg would not—dared not refuse to liquidate my expenses. In consequence of this he undertook to lodge and board us in a plain way, by finding every thing that was sufficient; and at the expiration of three months wrote to Cobourg: I saw the letter; it was respectful and extremely well worded.

In reply to this communication an anonymous letter was sent, and although the author had purposely adopted a trembling style in the writing, the ill-spelt orthography betrayed the Prince as its author. In this charitable document the writer informed M. Bienne, that we were either vagabonds or spies employed by Bonaparte; that we were total strangers in the country; that we had made a dupe of him (M. Bienne); and that,

consequently, the only measure he could adopt would be that of turning us into the street!

It would be impossible to describe our cruel distress upon this occasion; it would be placing before the eyes of the reader pictures too hideous for contemplation. Linen, clothes, curtains, shoes,—we were destitute of every article. I was overcome with grief and shame; yet I became haughty in this state of indigence. I must have expired with my son had not the humanity of the innkeeper preserved me in despite of myself.

Prince Esterhazy and several Frenchmen, among whom it is requisite I should name M. de *Jumilhac*; *Regnier*, the General-in-Chief; and General *Devaux*, heard some reports respecting me, and tendered those succours which a generous delicacy knows how to dispense. My heart-felt gratitude obliges me to give publicity to their names; and the only sentiment I am now enabled to testify towards them for their humanity, is thus to betray the secret of those minds so rarely to be met with in society.

Notwithstanding this, I lived, as it were, by a miracle! Encompassed by so many evils, an inconceivable and a mysterious Providence prolonged my existence. Each succeeding day seemed to be that allotted for our deaths, and every dawn of anguish had its increase on the morrow. Ah! too well I know that the most acute torments may assail the heart without annihilating its pulsations for ever.

The Russians now approached Dresden, which presented a new source of despair. The enraged populace sought out the French in every direction, in order to destroy them. It was absolutely requisite to quit the place without money. Thanks to the protection and succour afforded by *Lang de Langenau*, we were ena-

bled to journey to Francfort. It is true we had to encounter a thousand dangers, but we ultimately gained that city, which, in our situation, was an event of no little importance.

Yet how was I to act? In vain were letters forwarded, in a style of the humblest supplication, praying that the Duke would afford us dry bread and a shelter; the generous Prince and the virtuous Princess, his mother, never deigned to forward one word in reply. *M. d'Hédouville* and other persons advised me, as a last resource, to go to Weimar, where his Royal Highness then was, and to solicit the protection of *M. de Saint Aignan*, the French resident minister at the ducal courts.

I hesitated; this step, I thought, might be detrimental to the Duke. I felt that, conjointly with the enemies which his haughtiness, his obduracy, and his avarice, had created during a lengthened period, — my presence, my complaints, and the recital of all my wrongs, might infallibly produce his ruin. Alas! through an unpardonable delicacy, I was willing to save the credit of that man who had robbed me at the same time of honour, repose, and an asylum; of that being who, after making me a mother, had used every effort to torture my existence, who had abandoned me to shame, to mendicity, and all its horrors, and whose intention it was not even there to end his career of barbarity.

In this state of irresolution I remained at Francfort. *M. de Czernicheff* had the kindness to interest himself in my behalf; unfortunately, however, he tendered his protection at a price I found it impossible to accept. O ye rigid females! who have heard the detail of my fault with a glance of severity, ask your own consciences, look at the bottom of your hearts, compare my position, my trials, my misfortunes, my youth, my

dangers; and then tell me, if I have not compensated for the error of my childhood?

Chance, at length, in conducting the allies to Frankfort, led thither the Prince of Cobourg. A ray of consolation dawned upon my wretched heart;—when misery overwhelms us, the glimmer of hope yields a soothing balm. Ah! how great was my error; and how well do I feel my culpability in having sacrificed my just repugnance to the prosperity of my Ernest!

I wrote; I re-wrote; I presented myself twenty times; all my friends spoke, or caused representations to be made to the Duke respecting me. My adventures had for a great length of time engrossed the conversations throughout Germany. Wearied with hearing my name repeated in every direction, the Prince came to visit me; but it was to display severity, to utter menaces, to insult, to outrage, to give vent to passion, or mock me with the smile of irony on his lips. He witnessed my distress; he saw my tears. He took his seat upon the wretched stool that furnished my chamber. He beheld my child exhausted; he took it up;..... he cast it him from with upbraidings;.... he struck it!

This last act was beyond endurance;—rage took the ascendancy in my breast. I forgot every other consideration; and is there a mother, who would, under such circumstances, have consulted delicacy?—My child had been destitute of bread for the last three days!.....

I flew to Comte de *Torgoff*, who had expressed himself interested in my welfare. I made every thing known to that nobleman; and I supplicated him to intercede for the support of his Serene Highness, the *Grand Duke Constantine*, in regard to a female and her child, on the point of expiring, the victims of a Prince allied to his family. Comte Torgoff promised to act conformable to my wishes; and he scrupulously

kept his word. The *Grand Duke* presented himself in person at my lodging,—noble and generous being! worthy of the rank awarded him by fortune above the great mass of mankind. He made every possible inquiry, he adopted very long and tedious measures, to ascertain every circumstance himself, not forgetting any thing that might tend to elucidate the whole affair. In vain did Prince Cobourg, affrighted, endeavour to separate him from me by grossest calumnies, libels, and intrigues, which were sedulously whispered in the ears of the Grand Duke by suborned personages. He had even the address to send for me at the very moment when his Serene Highness awaited to see me. In vain did he personally present himself to inspire me with apprehensions in respect to the real intentions of the Duke, and picture him to me in ridiculous and atrocious colours. The compassionate Prince took my unfortunate infant under his protection; the Duke of Cobourg trembled, and on a sudden the scene was changed.*

As if by a magic metamorphosis, the most consummate cruelty gave place to an immediate and apparently profound repentance. The Duke presented himself daily to weep over the injuries I had experienced; I was provided with some money, and my debts were discharged. I beheld Ernest in the arms of his father; I was happy; and the retrospect of past miseries was obliterated from my mind. In the midst of this tenderness the Prince supplicated me to depart for Augsbourg. I gave the preference to Vienna, as being more populous, and where the education of my child would be better attended to. He acceded to my wishes, though reluctantly; raised difficulties in according me a pass-

* See, for a detail, the Elucidations, under the signature A.

port, but at length got it signed; loaded us with caresses, confided to me a letter of recommendation, said to be addressed to a banker at Vienna, and so worded as to procure for us the most flattering reception. All was arranged for our departure, when the Duke caused me to change my name, and assume that of Alexandre. We accordingly set forwards.*

Previous to entering the carriage, he pressed us to his bosom; not a harsh word, not one reproach, escaped his lips. Notwithstanding this, my mother beheld our departure with a foreboding pain. Fichler was destined to accompany me. We had already gained some experience concerning that man. In vain had I required in the most urgent manner another individual for my companion on the journey; it proved the only request that was not complied with.

There appeared something singular in this very prompt resolution. What could be concealed under such conduct? We found it impossible to solve the mystery.

An old travelling *berlin* was destined to convey us; if the Duke had intended to despatch the crazy vehicle to the infernal regions, he could not have made a more appropriate selection. Shattered, old, and worm-eaten, it appeared as if it must fall to pieces at the first turn of the wheel. Fichler was my companion; a sombre hue was spread over his grotesque countenance; his conversation savoured at times with moral lessons, broken sentences, stupid fooleries, an embarrassed air, religious flights, and a profound and melancholy silence, with signs of the cross made at every crucifix we passed on the road: sometimes a deep sigh, reproaches on the

* See, for a detail, the Elucidations, under the signature B.

cruelty of the Duke towards me, and expressions of astonishment that I should not detest him as he merited; such was Fichler, who soon wearied me by a mode of conduct so truly disgusting.

I had fallen asleep at his side, holding my infant in my arms. On a sudden, a succession of violent blows assailed my body, stunned and aroused me from my repose. It appeared to me as if some invisible hand had precipitated me from the clouds to earth. Tumbling from abyss to abyss, half stupified and rendered almost insensible from the effect of pain, I seemed as if I had rolled on a sudden to the very centre of the globe. I felt as if dying, and it was with infinite pain I was capable of articulating these words, "*my son!*" he answered by a lengthened sigh. Amidst the wreck of the *berlin,* upon the snow and at the bottom of a horrible precipice, I lay extended, my head cruelly lacerated and streams of blood issuing from my wounds. "*I am not injured,*" said Ernest. I breathed anew,—I embraced my boy; and then cast my eyes on Fichler, tranquilly seated on the side of the grand route, commanding a complete elevated view of the ensanguined scene, who was conversing with the driver and beholding us to all appearance dying, with a steady eye and unruffled countenance!

Thus, owing to a precaution and a very singular foresight, the Baron and the postilion had left their seats, at the moment when this new instrument of death was being precipitated down the stony ravine, which was intended at the same time to annihilate the vehicle, and the mother and son remaining within it, not carrying us together to Augsbourg or Vienna, but dooming us to a dreadful end at the bottom of this destined tomb!.... Ah! these horrors were too much at the self-same time!

In this precipice all singularities were easily accounted for. Why was it required that I should proceed to Augsbourg? Because the road is much worse and less frequented. Why this old crazy berlin? Because, like ourselves, it was predestined to destruction. Why persist in giving me for sole companion the miserable Fichler? Because he alone was made acquainted with the lot that awaited us. In fine, why this mixture of trouble and meanness, of folly and mental alienation, of embarrassment and a want of common sense, which had characterized the Minister? Because, notwithstanding the narrow capacity of his brain, the human heart always feels a repugnance at the commission of a crime so atrocious in its nature.

The ridiculous may even be blended with horror; the embarrassment of Fichler on beholding me revive, against all hope and expectation; the bloody spectacle before him; my cries mingling with those of my son; the snow ensanguined over to a considerable distance; the effusion still continuing, in spite of the attempts I made to stop it, by converting my shawl into a bandage; the fright of the Baron himself; every thing contributed to cast upon the physiognomy of that odious being an appearance the most terribly ridiculous. "Madame, Madame," said he, in an under tone of voice, "this misfortune rescues you from one yet greater!" What did those words imply? We shall soon ascertain. I was rescued from this misfortune,—I was not to escape another: too stupid to be the emissary of crime, and too wicked to refuse its commission, Fichler well merits the attention of the observers of the human heart; of this enigma unresolved.

I was conducted to a public-house, notwithstanding the frequency of my faintings, where I had sufficient presence of mind to examine the master and the pos-

tilion! both were in perfect health; not a scratch was perceptible on either of their faces. My wounds were attended to; and Fichler (who called to mind that he ought to appear hurt) returned, his visage enveloped in a large napkin, to inform me that one of his eyes was almost out of its socket; that he feared he should lose his sight; that one of the driver's ribs was broken; and that, notwithstanding, it was his intention to discharge him. Falsehoods upon falsehoods; so easily do fools betray themselves! I remained silent, under the assurance of my intended assassination, and even pitying the wretch who was necessitated to have recourse to meannesses, in order to conceal a crime which thus became even more apparent.

Oh, my child! what additional pangs were added to the bitterness of heart and physical sufferings of thy mother, on perceiving that so much had her dreadful gashes disfigured her, she was not even cognizable by thee. She called thee, and was answered by thy cries; she extended to thee her arms, and thou fledest away affrighted.

Fichler, no doubt, intended to remain and watch over me.... No! he departs, accompanied by the postilion, his accomplice; and abandons me alone, dying, and unprotected, in a miserable hovel.

I want energy to continue this narrative; nor do I dare repeat what they ventured to perform. The German rustics began by abusing me, on account of my French extraction.... and then.... they sought to poison me.

Alas! I would have permitted them to act, had I not felt my babe beside me. But if existence was a burthen to me, that of my child, so much beloved, obliged me to live. I consequently watched over the conduct of these wretches, and defended my own life and his.

Sometimes cream, very nicely prepared, and green upon the surface; at others, a glass of camomile, the cup containing it, brown on the sides, betrayed the preparation of opium, which these monsters had infused; sometimes sour coffee was presented, which burned my lips on touching it. Cheese was equally brought to me, impregnated with sulphat of magnesia; chocolate, broth, every thing, in short was intended to deal the stroke of death. If I required milk, it was, as well as oil, the only thing my hostess could not procure in the village. I pretended not to comprehend a word of German, and I yet understood them (great God! I still tremble!) conversing as to the means most expedient to put me out of the world.*

Such a situation it is difficult to imagine; I could neither speak nor rise; nor was there a soul to whom I could address myself in this state of misery; these wretches had me completely in their power. Each succeeding day I endured a thousand deaths. Suffering, and neither daring to complain or to weep; fearful of irritating those who held me in captivity; compelled to refrain from eating or drinking; and seeing my child at the point of death..... Let the imagination accumulate all the tortures of the infernal regions, and I do not believe they would constitute the sum of my agonies.

My head lacerated and ill-attended to by an unskilful village apothecary; a fever in my veins; an internal conviction that I had fallen into the hands of a band of hired assassins; burning with thirst; oppressed with actual terrors, and trembling at those to come; the dread of death always before my eyes..... This direful

* See the Elucidations, under the signature C.

position, as I may say, increased my faculties in a two-fold degree. I had recourse to more penetration, more art, courage, patience, and energy, in this terrible crisis, than during all the prior part of my life. I listened to every conversation; I penetrated into their proceedings; danger, in short, multiplied every mental perception. What stratagems was I not obliged to adopt to rid myself of the poison which I did not swallow! What caution I displayed in concealing any manifestation of my fears, that I might not betray my knowledge of the horrid conviction of my danger! Alas! had I been willing to deceive myself on this head, it was impossible. If I tendered them a portion of my drugged wine, they stammered and refused; if I entreated them to drink of the broth they presented, I saw them tremble. One mouthful of coffee kindled such a heat in my chest, that I could not appease it until I had swallowed a quantity of lamp-oil that had been left unintentionally in the chamber.

I even discovered the spot where the deadly powder was deposited; yes, I was master of the secret of these ruffians equally with themselves. But what availed this conviction? It only tended to overwhelm me still more.

After eight days, spent in this state of martyrdom, for which I summons the hidden authors of the crime to render up an account before the Almighty, one of Fichler's game-keepers came to the public-house, no doubt, for the purpose of ascertaining if the cruel wounds inflicted by falling into the precipice and the various attempts to administer poison had proved fatal to myself and my son. Unfortunately, in the commission of crime there is uniformly a want of address. As I was particularly interested in learning every thing, I

questioned this game-keeper with an air of perfect indifference upon several important points.

"Is the Baron wounded?"

"He has no appearance of being hurt."

"I thought his eye had received some injury."

"None at all, Madam."

"Has he discharged the servant?"

"No: Frederick, as usual, enjoys his complete confidence."

"Is Frederick wounded?"

"No; my master and his attendant both returned in good health."

So many untruths afforded complete conviction.

It was now necessary that I should quit the hovel with this domestic. Thus surrendered up to my enemies, it became requisite for me to follow them, and quietly place myself in their power. O! what a succession of sufferings.

I now began to familiarize myself with death. I gazed upon mortality with perfect resignation. I despatched, by a French person whom I encountered, my shawl stained with blood, to be delivered to my sister, informing her who had committed the deed, and the manner of its perpetration.

The huntsman conducted me in an old vehicle to the mansion inhabited by the monster Fichler and his family. The genius of crime seemed to hover over this gloomy spot; it appeared as if expressly formed to be the scene of murder. *The Convent of the Forest*, such was the name of this terrific place, buried in a vast and sombre clump of trees which covered, with their thick shade, the rugged acclivities of a frowning rocky steep. Languishing, and yielding to my grief, it was not without a sensation of terror that I gazed upon the

mansion to which I was conducted; and my faculties, after such repeated attacks, plunged into a state of stupor, then awakened on viewing this savage retreat, which *smelt*, as one may say, of *crime*.

Fichler was obviously embarrassed; his wife appeared by far too polite not to have been acquainted with past events; a melancholy silence, and a dread inspired by the sight of the victim restored to existence, were the sentiments manifested on my entrance into this habitation of horror;* the age, desolation, and obscurity, of which would have afforded materials for a German poet to infuse terror into his scene, and absolutely paralized me at the first glance.

The same fears were renewed in my mind. I would not eat of any dishes of which M. Fichler and his worthy spouse did not themselves partake. I piled all the furniture in my sleeping-room against the door of the immense chamber which was assigned me in the most remote quarter of the castle. I commanded my son to accept food from no individual of the household, and it will soon become manifest whether I was justified in resorting to such precautions.

I had observed that M. Fichler, when at table, poured out the wine for himself, his wife, and his son, from a bottle placed near him, while another was the one from which he was desirous I should take my beverage, but I refused. Resolved, at length, to ascertain the very depth of this abyss of wickedness, I requested M. Fichler during dinner time to pour me out some wine. He immediately uncorked the bottle

* I draw from the diary of my journey very curious elucidations, that would have broken in upon my narrative, but which demonstrate the crime, and to those I, therefore, refer my readers.—See the Elucidations, Note A.

destined for me, and emptied out the liquor in a hasty manner, turning red and then pale, at the same time making a sign to his wife. I pretended to observe nothing; I raised the glass to my lips, and appeared to swallow a little, which I, however, returned from my mouth into the goblet. A few moments afterwards, Fichler's son, a child about eleven years old, approached me; I seized the opportunity; I gave him the glass; he was on the point of drinking, when Madame Fichler, seeing the fatal liquor in the grasp of her boy, uttered a shriek, sprang up with the velocity of lightning, overturned the tables, seized the vessel, and dashed it to the earth like one frantic, exclaiming, "Do not drink! do not drink!"*

Completely motionless beside them, I bent a most scrutinizing glance upon the miserable Fichler. A death-like silence continued for some minutes. The wife left the apartment, when, taking M. Fichler by the arm, I thus addressed him:—

"Pray, Sir, what does that picture represent?"

"It is..... it is..... You can read the description at the bottom..... It represents the *Death of Socrates*, from David's famous picture!"

"What is that he holds in his hand?"

"Madam..... it is..... hemlock!"

"And what is hemlock, M. Fichler?"

"It is..... it is....."

Torture and remorse of the guilty, I beheld ye as clearly displayed as if the heart of Fichler had been laid bare to my view.

He paced up and down the room with hasty strides, twisting his hands within each other; his vacant gaze

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* See the Elucidations, Note B.

purposely wandered to avoid mine; he was desirous of repressing his feelings, and the perspiration exuded in large drops from his forehead.

"It is *a poison!*" said he, at length; and his whole frame was affected in the most violent manner! As for myself, while addressing him, I wept. "Socrates had doubtless offended some one. It is stated that he was the wisest of men, and that his fellow-citizens were as jealous of his virtue as of his talents. But, in general, great and powerful men are only subjected to these trials. A weak woman, for instance, and her son, (said I, sobbing aloud,) would never have any thing to apprehend," &c.

The pale Fichler retired. I returned to my apartment, where I spent the night, as may be supposed, overcome by violent apprehensions, walking from chair to chair, sometimes falling upon my knees, then opening the casement, and filling the long vaultings with my cries, which were returned in melancholy echoes, while I experienced a kind of mental aberration from the terrible excess of my grief.

Notwithstanding this, it became necessary either to select the *Convent of the Forest* for a sepulchre or to quit the horrid fabric. This real fortress, where my every motion was watched, did not afford me the most distant prospect of escape.

It suddenly struck me that the only means left were an attack upon the fears of Fichler. It is always all by meanness, that is to say, by base passions, that despicable souls should be assailed. "Sir," said I, the following morning, "I may certainly be detained here against my inclination, and my throat may also be cut; but, let men advance whatsoever they will, *the dead revisit this world!* I have a sister at Vienna! I have a brother, who is there hourly expected; to whom a letter

from me has been despatched, and who will, ere long, demand an account of his sister."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at the feet of the coward his countenance could not have displayed more terror. He was desirous that I should depart on the instant,* and tendered me, for that purpose, a hundred florins from his own purse.... With what delight did I embrace the opportunity of escape; what tears of joy, what transports of pleasure thrilled my soul on finding myself freed from the power of Fichler! how fervent were my offerings to heaven!

I left the hated spot, and soon arrived at Vienna. I had preserved the letter of recommendation, which had been given me by the inhuman Prince, for the banker, Stamitz. I was anxious to ascertain the effect it would produce, and a new proof of the crime was the result! Mr. Stamitz, to whom I delivered the letter, found that its contents were without any real signification; there was not a word of common sense: in short, it was evidently a document never intended to arrive at the nominal place of its destination.

On casting a retrospective glance upon the whole chain of this dreadful transaction; the interference of the Grand Duke; the unexpected change in the conduct of Prince Cobourg; the reiterated entreaties that I would depart from Vienna; the letter of recommendation; the precipice so opportunely found; the various attempts at poisoning; and the undeniable proof of this letter, remitted me by his Royal Highness, for my introduction to the first societies, being nothing more than a composition void of meaning, yet amply sufficient under the then circumstances: there cannot, I say, be

* See the Elucidations, Note C.

a shadow of doubt but my death had been decided upon, and that neither myself nor the communication were ever intended to gain the presence of Mr. Stamitz.

I fell into a state of most profound *ennui*, when fortunately my mother arrived at Vienna. From her I ascertained that every step taken with the Prince had been unsuccessful; that her supplications had in vain assailed the confines of his palace, and that the inhuman Duke had heard without emotion the mother of his victim interceding for the safety of her daughter.

Curiosity alone would have prompted me to address the Prince, since I was anxious to ascertain in what manner he would reply to the individual whom he had consigned to death. He answered, and in the Supplement* will be found with how much address, *sang froid*, and consummate effrontery, he pretended to be ignorant of that which was already known throughout Germany.

Two valuable friends, with whom I became acquainted at Vienna, M****, a French physician, and the famous Prince de Ligne, one of the most brilliant and remarkable noblemen of his age, tended to ameliorate the misery of my situation. Their opposite characters instilled different opinions, and my heart, but partially healed from the shocks so repeatedly sustained, inclined towards the opinion of M****, who, more rigid in mind, and gifted, perhaps, with a more simple and less delicate turn of thought, could not tolerate the idea of my coming in contact with the man who had sought to cut my throat.

The venerable and experienced Prince de Ligne regarded things more in the light of a courtier and a man of sense. He employed that brilliant conversation and originality of style, for which he was conspicuous, in

* Supplement, No. 3, and the Elucidations, Note D.

proving to me that the future state of my son imperiously called upon me, if I could not love the Prince,* at least to make him believe I had forgotten the injuries he had done me.

Overcome by the powerful eloquence of this excellent man, I used every effort to get the better of that horror, which the name alone of his Royal Highness inspired, and which M**** strove to keep alive, when the Prince himself dared come to visit me. What a scene! I trembled as if I had administered poison to him; while he, on the contrary, was as calm as if he had been my victim.

He demanded wherefore I had not written to him? My Lord, I replied,.... I... I.. I have experienced so many misfortunes..... Yes; mere accidents; they occur every day..... My Lord, the intention was to assassinate me..... Pshaw! have you been guilty of any thing that should prompt people to kill you? They must indeed be cut-throats who could act in that way..... Ah! my Lord, there are..... Is the little one injured?——No!——You turn pale..... It is because.... Come, come, you are ridiculous.—— Pardon me, my Lord——She is unwell. Are you afraid least I should kill you? it is said that it is your intention to indict me criminally.....

In fact, I found myself very ill. What conversation, and what a man!

On recovering, he had the audacity to take me upon his knee. I trembled as the leaf on a tree; when, finding the horror with which he had inspired me, he took his leave.

"Pardon the father on account of the son," was the

* See his interesting letters, Nos. 9, 10, 11, and 12.

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uniform advice of Prince de Ligne. " Shut your door against the assassin," exclaimed my heart.——To please the Marshal, I received his Royal Highness the Duke of Cobourg, and I was always mute during these interviews, owing to the predominant influence of terror. I suffered him to talk at his ease, and only awaited the joyful moment when he retired, thereby easing my soul of a dreadful burthen.

The miserable man was punished. His rank did not shield him from chagrin. The most sombre stile characterised his conversations. Bitterness troubled his soul; ambition, conjointly with remorse, hatred, and a distaste for every thing, prompted harangues like the following:—

" I am made a common foot-ball; they laugh at me. Metternich!—that rascal Metternich! he treats me as a plaything! but I will——and the Emperor Alexander; he sends me to his ministers, and they in turn despatch me back to the Emperor!——If I do not revenge myself upon the monster, the rascals, the——They do not award me an acre of land, not a hovel, not a man; and, to deride me, they forward their letters with an address containing all the titles I demand, and which they refuse me!——Vile wretches!——For this I would fain leave them there!——I will hang my policy to the wall ——Let them beware of me! my life is a prey to their infernal wars and alliance. I cannot enjoy an hour's repose. I stand in need of tumult; and I every night place three watches upon my table that I may hear something. When all is quiet I cannot exist—I could put an end to myself!"

Such a troubled conscience inspired my pity. I felt the tears on the point of gushing from my eyes, when I called to mind those evils which the wretch had brought upon himself while endeavouring to work our downfall.

It was not possible to forgive him from the bottom of my soul. I always saw upon his front a trace of blood, that whispered me—*Do not approach him!* I, notwithstanding, used every effort to give him consolation. I in some measure succeeded; and his remorse and misery were a little alleviated. In thus surmounting my repugnance, I made good the scriptural precept, return good for evil; nor is this recollection the least consolatory to my mind at the present period.

There exists, however, some temperaments that nothing can subdue. The tiger is never tamed. The Duke, whom I tolerated at my lodging from motives of pity, for which I often reproach myself, was again the source of trouble. He ill treated his own son and mine. One day the child narrowly escaped with his life, being pushed against the stove with as much violence as brutality, at the very moment when the poor boy ran to embrace him. Injuries, curses, outrageous conduct that could only be expected from the refuse of the people; every thing, in short, that could display depravity and blackness of heart, joined to meanness, and a total neglect of good-breeding, was bestowed upon me and my child.

I complained to Prince Nariskin and to Prince Beauharnais,* respecting this renewed violence on the part of the Duke. The two princes in return served me, perhaps, better than I had even desired: the Emperor of Russia was made acquainted with the new persecutions that menaced me, and he had the goodness to offer me his special protection. The Duke of Cobourg was strongly reprimanded, and the advice of the Princes was, that I should take advantage of the moment, detail every thing to the Emperor, and leave the infliction

* See some Statements in the Elucidations, Note E.

of punishment for such atrocious crimes to his discretion. In such case the Duke was irretrievably ruined: pity predominated; I did not follow this advice. Thrice had vengeance been within my grasp, and as often did I suffer the opportunity to escape; and, by way of recompense, my life was again attempted by poison.

This expedient was renewed. I fell ill, when one Piani, an Italian doctor, brought me medicine from the Prince. The Italians have been uniformly celebrated in preparing drugs for the termination of life. In this instance, the nostrum was an anodyne, intended to produce upon me the effect of an emetic, opening a quick and easy passage for my soul. By the advice of Prince Nariskin I threw the medicine away.

After such a catalogue of horrors a romance-writer would close the scene; but I am only an historian, and can follow no other course than that prescribed by the conduct of his Royal Highness in the drama of which he made me the melancholy and principal performer. The Duke abandoned the idea of sending me to the grave; another plan occupied his mind; and that was the death of our offspring.

The sight of the child was obnoxious to him; this incessant reproach for his abuse of power and cruelty soured his mind, and he once more feigned repentance, visited me daily, used every endeavour to blind me, and pursued his plans, in order to get possession of my boy.

At one time, a playmate of my child came to conduct him to his cousins, when a man, posted at the corner of the street, was charged to stop the two children, and to transport mine to Prince Cobourg. Upon another occasion, one *Tilis*, a man who had been banished from Dresden for a nefarious act, which was not exactly cognizable by law, presented me with a letter

purporting to be written by Comte *Walstein*, and while requesting that I would repair to my cabinet, and pen a reply, he was occupied in enveloping my son in the large cloak of his attendant, when I suddenly made my appearance, and drove the wretches from my dwelling. The letter, containing a declaration of love, and which I burned, was a fabrication. On the following day, Comte *Walstein* wrote to me, disavowing the production as his, stating that some unknown had dared to falsify his signature. The bold contriver of all these plots again came to see me. O power of rank! O effrontery of soul, which would never have characterized an ordinary man! He conversed with me in the most tranquil manner upon the subject in question; nay, even joked upon it with perfect ease and indifference.

I penetrated into the soul of the Duke; his inmost thoughts were perceptible to me: it was however necessary I should remain silent, that I might acquire a deeper insight in regard to his mind. If the eye of the Prince was directed towards my boy with a sinister expression seeming to indicate destruction; if a smile or a glance betrayed a guilty machination; I was compelled to repress my thoughts, observe with scrutiny, and continue mute.

At this juncture, the advice of Prince de Ligne was particularly necessary; but fate still pursued me; I lost this valued friend. My protector, my second father, sunk to the tomb, and with him one of my last hopes. Old age had tempered without blunting his mind, which had in younger days been so poignant for wit. "*I am desirous*," said he, "ere I die; *to give the Congress, so fond of novel sights, that of the interment of a Marshal.*"

I soon felt the effects of this cruel loss. After having vainly endeavoured to carry off Ernest, and once more

deceive me; in short, all the Duke's plans having failed, he at length formally demanded of me to deliver up my child.* Resign my son to the man who had sought his death! I would rather yield him up my blood! Threats of the police, several persons of the Court deputed to wait upon me, terrors that were carefully set in play to affright me, nothing could force me to yield up my child to his executioners. The pension that had been settled on me was now discontinued, by an order of the Grand Duke of Russia; my goods were sold, and nothing now remained for my subsistence. "No," I exclaimed; "you may behold me perish on the pavement of Vienna, before you shall succeed in effecting our separation! Mothers in France do not barter away the blood of their offspring."

Baron de Cibber, M. Metternich, M. Floret, his secretary, and M. de Hagen, with whom I had interviews, were decidedly of my opinion. The treacherous and dishonourable conduct of his Serene Highness was too well known to them; these latter events clearly demonstrated what he was capable of; and they did not conceal from me, that the Duke sought my child, using their own words, for the purpose of his *annihilation.*

In this dreadful situation I wrote to his Serene Highness the Grand Duke Constantine, who is, perhaps, the only individual among the great pre-eminently distinguished for humanity and the faithful performance of his promises. It is stated of this Prince, that he never forfeited his word to any man, when he had once given the assurance of serving him. His noble soul is precisely on a level with

* See the Supplement, Nos. 13 and 14.

his exalted rank. A thousand florins, a most affecting letter, and the liveliest promises of protection, were his immediate reply. I wept; the tears of gratitude flowed in abundance. What a difference! were all thrones thus occupied, the world would lie prostrate at the feet of monarchs, enchained by a noble servitude! Who would imagine, however, that this generous act, and the protection so promised by the Grand Duke, had very nearly effected my complete ruin. I had to do with persons who were capable of undertaking any act, except that of doing good. Messrs. Fromann and Hotte, two German diplomatists, employed in this secret affair all the subtlety of consummate diplomacy. They presented themselves as emissaries of the Grand Duke, and sought to persuade me to surrender up my boy to that Prince, that is to say, to themselves. All their intrigues, however, could not deceive a mother. I saw that they were agents of the Duke of Cobourg, and, knowing my intercourse with the Grand Duke, they had dared to use his august name in forwarding their plans. They even endeavoured also to weaken my confidence in that Prince, while seeking to tear my infant from me.

I know not whether the reader is wearied with such a ceaseless recapitulation of miseries and villany. For myself, it is with pain I continue the narrative of these horrors.

The menaces of the Duke's agents did not terminate: I was to be thrown into jail, my son to be carried off, and then they were to escort me to Warsaw. I wrote direct to the Grand Duke himself, who answered by remitting me another *thousand florins*, recommending me in the strongest terms to his ambassador, and denying all knowledge of these pretended agents. Fromann and

Hotte immediately disappeared; and I resolved never to relinquish my child to any living creature, since men had been found so daring as to misuse the name of so good and great a Prince, in striving to obtain him from me.

During one year I continued at Vienna, being uniformly applied to for the delivery of my son to those who were, and still continue, desirous of purchasing him from me. Mothers! be ye the judges! In order to accomplish this grand end, the emissaries employed changed from violence to cunning, and from ruse returned to violence again; they disguised themselves to carry him off while taking the necessary exercise out of doors; they came, (oh! horror!) they presented themselves at my dwelling, by means of a door of communication, which they forcibly broke open, and imagining they could soon silence my aged mother, strove to tear the boy from her arms: she defended him, and the monsters struck my parent, who fell to the earth from the effect of their repeated blows. My heart rises, the blood boils in my veins! Ah! if vengeance is denied me in this world, I demand it of my Maker hereafter.*

Yet—*no*; I have forgiven them!....

M. Hotte now offered to have my goods restored and discharge my lodging, if I would sign a paper, containing an attestation, *that no one had ever broken open my door, nor forcibly invaded my lodging.* Short-sighted rogues, who thus betrayed at once their meanness and their violence by such a silly precaution!

What more can be said? To picture our distress would only be to recapitulate a monotony of wretchedness. The happy are not aware of the misery such a

* See the Elucidations, Note F.

state inflicts on those who have been well brought up. Among other outrages, however, which wretchedness would prompt me to conceal, I must not pass over in silence the inhuman conduct which a Frenchman, M. de C****,* intended I should experience. He was unacquainted with me; and was, doubtless, deceived; I cancel from my mind the remembrance of the ills which his repulsive letter caused me, and the good he might have done me in his character of French Ambassador.

I no more saw Prince Cobourg. All correspondence between us was at an end. His influence was only manifested by the operations of the Police, which he daily stirred up against me, by a series of combined intrigues, which he uniformly opposed to my cries; and by a pretty strong dose of *corrosive sublimate*, which this feeling Prince charged one S**** to administer to me, during an illness, and a portion of which another medical gentlemen discovered in the remaining dregs of the medicine. I detail these enormities without further comment, in order not to interest the reader too much in my destiny. I can now gaze with a steady eye, and can detail transactions as mere matters of course, which language with difficulty depicts, and ordinary belief would refuse to credit.

To all this, let us add, that the Prince proposed, through the medium of the Swedish Ambassador, M. de Loevenhelme, to have me incarcerated in a prison, a fortress, or a citadel; that he spread false reports respecting me throughout Germany; that there still exists, in the Austrian cabinet, a note concerning me, under his own hand, wherein I am characterized as a

* See the Supplement, No. 15.

dangerous woman, on the score of political intrigues; this is not saying every thing, but it is publishing quite sufficient.

M. Esterhazy and Lord Stewart, whom I had occasion to see and communicate with, offered me their services, and rendered me some essential benefits. Alas! I must speak with frankness, I have found but very few men guided from disinterested motives. Nearly all, seduced by I know not what interest attached to my situation, coupled with some exterior advantages that have proved so fatal to me, began by pitying, were then desirous that I should accept, at the same time, their services and their homage; and in this cruel trial, between misfortune and virtue, they have compelled me to sigh for myself, my fate, the egotism of mankind, and have only increased my pains, by placing their friendship on one side and my degradation on the other; their secession and my distress.

I preferred the latter. Some, however, gave proofs of generosity. Lord Stewart said to me—"I have spent four hours in thinking of you. You stand in need of my aid, you reject my person, that is not exactly right, but no matter, it is equally the same, and I esteem you. Ernest, my boy, I will take charge of thee for the next three months; take this *rouleau*," (it contained fifty louis,) and you, Madame, rely upon my good offices; from this moment you are freed from my gallantry."

M. de Metternich and M. de Richlieu from that period have never ceased to importune me, by asking the surrender of my son to the Duke of Cobourg.* I have

* See the Elucidations, Note G. I there give the extract of my Journal, and develope, at the same time, the promises of M. Metternich and the results.

uniformly resisted. I appeal to such as have perused these Memoirs; I appeal to mothers, whether I could deliver up my child?

What! it was only by a miracle that death, suspended over my boy by a thread, did not attain him; and shall I resign him? shall I sell him to the man who left no means untried to destroy him? That father, whom nothing can intimidate; who abhors him; who seeks his ruin, and views in him an existing offence against his pride, and the living witness of his faults! No; I have suffered much for thee, my poor boy. Misfortune tempers the soul. I am ready to suffer until the link severs, rather than bargain for thy existence. After what has already transpired, it would be me, thy mother, who would become thy assassin, if I did not dedicate my life to watch over thy destiny, and repel any misfortune that arises to oppress thee.

I returned, by stealth, to France; I shed warm tears on the smiling soil where hearts are so generous and easy, where villany is so rare, and where compassion, the qualification of angels, combines with the most tender intercourse. I found myself without bread, resource, or hope, yet it seemed that a pure heaven restored me to tranquillity. I thought I felt vigour of sentiment, combined with youthful effervescence, while travelling over the fertile plains and shaded valleys, where arid sands never shock the eye, where all is beautiful, amiable, and tempered, as the atmosphere and the population. I was and am still poor. Misfortune has withered my best years. Well! there is in this country, in these social manners, perhaps, even this mild temperature, a secret charm that consoles me. I wish to die in France, and have my child beside me.

I now complete my task. When the hand of an atrocious minister forced me into the precipice which

was to annihilate me, and that in spite of him I awoke, I did not gaze around me with greater terror than I do at the present instant, on fixing my regard upon these pages of wretchedness that are the emanations from my pen. Prince of Cobourg, should they ever meet your eye, behold your own work! You have to answer for a young girl of fourteen, whose whole life you sacrificed; you have to atone for poison, the precipice, that catalogue of meannesses and deceit, that chaos of machinations and of perfidy. You will answer for the sufferings of my youth; the bread denied to my son; the wretchedness of my aged mother; and the poison administered by your direction.

Either the universe is one dreadful dungeon, or at a future period, my Lord, an Almighty voice will demand, "What hast thou done with her?"

And your reply will be, "I deprived her of the only patrimony a woman without fortune possesses—her honour. I caused her to languish with ennui and expire with misery. I drove her from every asylum like a criminal. I compelled her to drink of the bitter cup of despair. I was weary with her cries, and I conducted her to the vale of Death; but Death would not receive her. After having endeavoured to assassinate her, six times I sought to administer poison. I then calumniated her, in order, at least, to despatch her in a moral point of view. Lo! such is what I have done with her!!"

END OF SECOND PART.

POSTSCRIPT.

SINCE my return to France, my life has been one monotonous series of fruitless negotiations, of bitter anguish, and of renewed efforts to deceive me, which I have as uniformly repulsed. I announced the publication of my Memoirs, when couriers were instantly despatched from Cobourg to Paris, for the purpose of entering into arrangements to suppress the work. Neither prayers, supplications, nor promises, were forgotten;—I remained silent:—when no sooner was it imagined that my pen was stopped, than all further communications with me were broken off. Wearied with this continued deception, I have thus committed my sufferings to the press.

ELUCIDATIONS AND DETAILS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

HUMAN life is a romance, and mine above all is sufficiently extraordinary to merit that title.

Chance, like an unskilful poet, combines its events without having recourse to art. In the reality of things, interest is frequently misplaced. Occurrences and scenes succeed each other without order; and it appears as if the author of human existence had no other design in view than his caprice and our sufferings.

It is a duty we all owe to speak the truth; but it is no less essential that we should also strive to be read; yet veracity in long details is often monotonous. It is requisite, in narrating a history of self, to insert every thing, but always in its proper place; to pass over recitals interesting to the actor, but fatiguing to the reader; to profit by attention; to pause when necessary; to sacrifice incessantly one's affections, self-love, and former recollections. In a narrative, equally as with life, the art of pleasing is that of forgetting one's self.

I was long in the habit of preserving notes of the principal events of my history; such documents rivet us to life: we are afterwards fond of consulting details, the most insignificant, preserved after a lapse of years. As a German poet beautifully expresses himself:—" Like the amber falling from the branches of trees in the north, that in its course arrests the progress of the smallest insects, enshrines them in its translucent drop, and thus preserves them for centuries."

When I was reproached for having too rapidly passed over many occurrences of my life, and to have hurried forward towards the catastrophe, my reply was, that, being compelled to correct the faults of my destiny, and to record them, not in better language and a more brilliant style, but in more legible terms, I had then recourse to my notes, and sought my ancient recollections; and, to satisfy those whose attention was volatile and impatient, as well as others desirous of attending to minutiæ, I have added to the text, the brevity of which is remarkable, the following Elucidations.

They are naïve; they are diffuse; they are such as a young woman without education would record, whose feelings are touched by the narrative she commits to paper; they only afford another proof of my veracity, and my misfortunes.

A recital is like a swift chariot, wherein you conduct the reader; to whose glance you rapidly point out the landscapes, the cities, and the rivers.

These narratives, where will be found the necessary proofs of my sufferings, and the cruel conduct of my enemies, are like those annals and chronicles, in which you neither look for charm nor splendour, but where facts are detailed, and lengthened statements occur, that become interesting to the studious character, who aims at acquiring absolute conviction.

NOTE A.

First Visit of his Imperial Highness—Change in the Duke of Cobourg.

Comte de Trogoff was kind enough to feel interested in our unhappy situation. His Imperial Highness stated, at a public table, in the presence of Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg, that he was desirous of giving publicity to the affairs concerning me, when he was interrupted by Prince Leopold, who pretended that his brother had no knowledge of us, calumniated me in the grossest manner, and, being surrounded by courtiers, did not meet with any contradiction.

His Imperial Highness sent to make inquiries about me, all of which proved advantageous. After this, one of his household came to notify that it was his Highness's intention to send a carriage for me, but I positively refused to go, being unacquainted with what had transpired.

The most urgent solicitations of two emissaries could not prevail with me; I was apprehensive of some new trap laid for me by the Duke of Cobourg. The Grand Duke, upon the return of his messengers, exclaimed, "Well! I will repair thither myself; it shall not be said that one connected with my family has abandoned a child. Leopold," said his Imperial Highness, addressing the Duke's brother, "come along with me." Prince Leopold, however, excused himself, under the plea that such a step would be painful to the Prince. The Grand Duke then selected, for a companion, Prince de Reuss, uncle of the Duke of Cobourg.

On entering, his Imperial Highness, on beholding Ernest, exclaimed: "Well! there he is! there is the poor abandoned boy! no one will say he is not of the family, and our nephew. Come and embrace me, my child!"

I concealed myself; I was afraid; upon which the Duke inquired the reason of my mother.

"Well, Madam, tell your daughter I do not come here

with any evil intentions. I wish to insure the well-being of this boy and herself. It shall not be said, that in my family a child has been abandoned. I shall re-visit you." The Grand Duke departed.

No sooner had Prince Cobourg ascertained, that his Imperial Highness had paid us a visit than he came to me. What a change! The Duke was confounded; he was no longer the same being; caresses, promises, he was prodigal, in short, of every kindness. Such are the great! such are men!"

In my youthful joy, I was anxious to let him know, that, during the recent visit, his Imperial Highness had deigned to promise my mother, that the welfare of my boy should be attended to, and that he would not fail to repeat his call.

"When?" inquired the Duke.

"To-morrow, at six o'clock."

"If you act consistently, you will close the door in his face. He only visits you with evil intentions; yes, if you act right, you will not admit him."*

"Turn out the brother of the Emperor Alexander, who had the goodness to call upon me, and give me assurances respecting the welfare of my boy!..... His Imperial Highness can entertain no ill intentions with regard to me; no, no, the brother of Alexander is a protecting angel, sent by Omnipotence to our aid; rest assured, it is his intention to do us much good." The Prince then turned upon his heel, uttering many disrespectful things in regard to the Grand Duke.

I have conceived it requisite to explain this political change of the Prince in regard to me, and give these Elucidations, which, if previously entered into, would have interfered too much with the thread of my narration.

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* How insolently did he trifle with my juvenile inexperience.

NOTE B.

Visit of the Grand Duke—His Generosity—His Promises.

PRINCE COBOURG had used every stratagem to change the favourable sentiments of his Imperial Highness in regard to me. I was upon one occasion awaiting the arrival of the Grand Duke, who had made an appointment, and the very moment I expected him Fichler presented himself, to announce that the Duke of Cobourg was dangerously ill. I believed the tale, and hastened to attend him.

During the period of my absence, the Grand Duke arrived, punctual to his engagement, when his discontent was as justifiable as it was manifest, on hearing that Prince Cobourg had sent a messenger for me.

" Why did she not remain to see me? I had stated that I should come. Here is my watch; I have been punctual to the minute."

" Ah! my Lord," replied my mother, " the Duke is a father! M. de Fichler came to fetch her, stating that the Prince is very ill."

" Father! he!.....No one is a parent who turns his back upon his child!"

The Grand Duke could not repress his rage; he proceeded to inspect our small apartment, muttering: " Duke! Duke! he reigns over half a dozen peasants, and two village apothecaries!" He suffered my son to lead him into my chamber; and to amuse the child, for whom he expressed so much interest, and whom he sought to save, he so far demeaned himself as to play for a length of time. On beholding this, the heart of my mother overflowed with joy and hope.

His Imperial Highness promised to repeat his visit. The Duke of Cobourg appeared perfectly contented with the anger of the Prince, continued for some time with me, and gave me a thousand assurances of friendship. Shorty after, I was favoured with the following note:

" Madam,

" I have the honour to acquaint you, that you will receive a visit from his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke and my Lord the Duke of Cobourg about six o'clock. I shall do myself the honour of waiting upon you to-morrow, at ten, when I shall lay before you the plan fixed upon in regard to your future pension.

" Your devoted servant,

" B. FICHLER."

We were in the deepest distress; fuel, light, clothing, furniture, every thing was wanting. This state of indigence so accusatory of Prince Cobourg, very sensibly struck his Imperial Highness. He closed the window, and perceived that half the panes of glass were broken, when he expressed, by his gesticulations and a sigh, the pity which our situation inspired.

The Grand Duke, taking a chair, seated himself in front of me, then, placing Ernest on his knee, said to Prince Leopold, " Sit you down beside me. Madame," said he, turning to my mother, " do you converse with Leopold, I am going to talk to your daughter. Why, Madame, instead of coming here, did you not continue at Dresden, and there await our arrival? I have been informed that you did nothing but travel about."

" I did not remain at Dresden, because a letter was despatched from Cobourg to the hotel where we resided, telling the master of the house to turn my child and myself into the street."

" Ah, that is, indeed, another thing! Why did you not go to Cobourg, to claim a subsistence from the Duke, in lieu of coming to Frankfort?"

" I did not go to Cobourg, because myself and child had been very ill treated there. When I had previously claimed some provision for my boy, I was commanded with harsh menaces never to set foot there again. Not knowing what to do, our despair led us to seek some French Gene-

rals, who took pity on our misery and gave us a pass for Frankfort."

"Why did you not write?"

"My Lord, I wrote very frequently."

"Why did you not write to the Grand Duchess, my wife?"

"I did address her, my lord."

"Well?"

"But I got no answer: I call upon Prince Leopold to attest the truth of my assertion."

"Leopold, is it true?"

"It is," answered the Prince; at the same time, directing a furious glance towards me."

"Ah! very well, Madame; I hope all this will have an end: it shall not be said that any one of my family has abandoned a child. My little friend," continued the Prince, addressing my child, "you are my nephew; you shall want for nothing, I give you my word of honour. Madame," said the Duke, turning to me, "never do you separate from your child; and, if any thing happens to you, remember you are under my special protection." He then left us.

This humane Prince has since given me fresh proofs of his beneficence and humanity. I have only extracted this *naïve* scene from my journal to detail my simple and conclusive replies to the strict interrogatories of the Grand Duke.

NOTE C.

Situation of the Convent of the Forest—My Arrival—The Repast.

It was an old convent, situated upon the summit of a high mountain. We always kept the edifice in view, and

yet it appeared we should never gain the spot. Three hours were required to arrive at the convent, so steep and rugged was the road!

After experiencing a thousand terrors, the vehicle halted before a portal, from whence issued an old domestic with a light. I was then escorted through long and lofty corridors, and, at length, entered a large saloon.

M. Fichler made me sit down to table; and his wife showed me some marks of politeness. Immediately after, the huntsman entered, and addressing himself to M. Fichler, said, "*Madame has drank nothing.*" "Pshaw," said the latter, placing his finger on his lip. He then retired with the domestic.*

I did not suffer one of their actions to escape me. Alas! I could no longer doubt their criminal views.

Fichler entered some time after, and acquainted me that he had been much surprised on arriving, not to find his wife at the other country-house, and that he had, therefore, been obliged to retrace his steps.

I inquired concerning the postilion, and whether he had turned him away.

"I believe so indeed, Madame! A vagabond; who had nearly killed us! Yes; most assuredly I turned him out of doors the moment I arrived. You will not see him here, depend upon it."

What a string of falsehoods!

Supper was served up. M. Fichler seated me beside him, and placed my son near me, who was thus between myself and his wife. There was a bottle of wine on either side of M. Fichler.

I in vain requested him to pour me out liquor from the bottle out of which he gave drink to his wife. He told me

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* Let the reader bear in mind the words, "*Madame has not drank.*"

it contained a medicinal composition, and was obstinately bent on giving me beverage from the other bottle. I trembled.

I swallowed a little, as I did not wish him to imagine that I mistrusted his conduct. A domestic presented beer to M. Fichler's children, and I took advantage of that circumstance to give some to my child.

How dreadful was my situation! I told M. Fichler that I was desirous of proceeding on my journey the following day. No, no, Madame! you must repose awhile; there is no hurry. The Duke is averse to your leaving my castle: willing or not, you must remain where you are!

At night I went to bed; being conducted through long galleries to an immense chamber, containing no furniture, except an old bed in one corner, a few chairs, and a table. The walls were white-washed, and it was obvious that the apartment had long remained without an occupant. My room was remote from all the others; and I was completely isolated from the inmates of the castle. So great was my terror, that I could not sleep; and so absorbed were my thoughts with dread, that the smallest occurrence gave rise to apprehensions in my mind.

NOTE D.

Another Repast.

The following day, at the dinner hour, the same conduct was pursued. Always a bottle set apart for me and my son, whom I had carefully cautioned not to drink.

At the conclusion of the repast, M. Fichler had filled our goblets with wine; "At least you will drink a little," said he. I raised the glass to my mouth, and pretended to swallow some of its contents; my eye continuing rivetted upon my child. I trembled; I turned pale. I saw with

horror that my boy took the goblet and raised it to his lips. "My dear angel——do not drink——not too much,"—— I repeated, and took the vessel from him; he had already swallowed a few drops.

My son's glass was nearly full; when M. Fichler's child approached, and asked him for some of his drink. Ernest presented him the glass; and the child placed it to his lips.——

Madame Fichler instantly, rising with precipitancy, cried out several times; my child, my child, do not drink! *—— Quite pale and bewildered, she snatched the goblet from the hand of her son.

M. Fichler was equally terrified and disordered. Madame Fichler retired from the table: we all maintained a dead silence. She soon quitted the apartment with her children, and I continued alone with her husband, who paced the saloon with hasty strides. At night my poor Ernest was attacked with an excruciating pain in the stomach.

NOTE E.

Fichler affrighted—Departure from the Convent of the Forest.

Fichler was completely confounded on ascertaining that I had some relatives, and that I was not altogether a lone being in existence. What a long countenance he put on when I acquainted him with this fact. He imagined that he beheld a whole family armed against him, and demanding restitution for the blood of a daughter and a sister.

"How, Madame?" said he, with an air of astonishment,

* *Mein kind! nicht trink!*

"you have a sister and a brother at Vienna! you did not make that statement to the Duke, at Frankfort."——

"Sir, I do not make all my affairs public. My sister is married to a person holding a situation at Vienna, and the state in which I am placed, the kind of exile in which I exist, on account of my unfortunate connection with the Duke, have, till the present moment, prevented me from speaking of my family. Without those relations, what should I do by going to Vienna."

M. Fichler could not get the better of his wonder. "That alters the case, Madame; that changes the business."

"Yes, Sir, I must be gone; my sister is doubtless already on her road. Let me be conducted as far as Augsbourg; I shall leave my trunk at a banker's, who will advance me money."

"No, no, Madame," said Fichler; "I am going to give you a hundred florins: it is very probable the Duke will not return them, but that is no matter."

I intimidated Fichler to such a degree, that he was eager for my immediate departure. He made me sign a number of accounts, real apothecaries' bills. I perceived their incorrectness; and immediately discovered, that they were increased in amount by about one-third. I held my tongue, however; and, too happy in escaping this den of crime, affixed my signature without hesitation.

Fichler was no longer the same man towards me. He stated the vilest things concerning his Royal Highness; he offered excuses for having made me suffer, and literally loaded me with politeness; and concluded by expediting a domestic to take my place for Munich. O! Almighty Power! thy divine providence rescued my well-beloved, my only treasure, my child!

It is impossible to form an idea of the pleasure I experienced on finding myself freed from the cruel Fichler. The same domestic attended me, he supported my steps, while descending the mountain, which was so very dangerous,

that the descent could not be attempted in a carriage with any degree of safety. It was, at most, three o'clock in the morning; with what transports of joy did I offer thanks to the Supreme Being, for thus having delivered me and my child from the manifold dangers that had surrounded us.

NOTE F.

My mother waits upon the Duke, after the Event which was intended to destroy me—Proofs that the Duke was an Accomplice, and his Embarrassment in striving to conceal it.

My mother, on receipt of the letter, wherein I acquainted her with the barbarous treatment of the Prince, fell into fits of terror, and uttered loud shrieks.

She immediately flew to the Duke; but only found a respectable looking gentleman. Overcome by distress, she narrated the cruel event; when the stranger made every effort to console her, stating that the Prince was momentarily expected. He did not, however, make his appearance.

My parent returned to her dwelling with despair in her heart, and passed the night in mental anguish. As soon as the dawn returned, she again went to the Duke; and, seeing a door open, entered, but found no one. She then rapped at a second portal, when the Duke, recognising her voice, gave her admittance. He was scarcely dressed; and, at the sight of my mother, he was obviously disconcerted, trembled, and turned pale.

"Prince," exclaimed my mother, "to whom have you confided my daughter and your child?——to an assassin! restore me my children! dead or alive they shall be forthcoming!"

The Duke, completely paralized, knew not how to reply.

"Have you received any news?"

"No; I have only heard from your daughter." He then went to his bureau, and took out the communication which I had forwarded; and read the contents in tremulous accents, which ran as follow:

"In the name of God, my Prince, fly to my assistance! attempts are making to poison us!"

On the perusal of this letter, my mother fainted; her despair knew no bounds! and she then expressed to the Duke, in energetic terms, all the anguish of a mother so circumstanced.

The Prince implored my parent not to take any public steps, assuring her that he was himself going to write on the instant to demand a statement of facts.

"Oh, God! how could you confide my daughter and her child to such a monster!"

"I thought him an honest man: he has been in my service these twelve years!"

"Let their steps be followed!"

"There is no occasion, they will be stopped, because Prince Metternich has given them a false passport!"

"How! Prince; you are then acquainted with that of which you pretend ignorance! Why should Prince Metternich deceive my child? It is you yourself who caused the document to be given. You trifle with me! You.... yes, you, Prince! My children must and shall be found!"

The Duke strove to appease my mother; he promised her money, a fortune, a country residence, and I know not what besides; assurances for me and my son if we would only remain silent! My mother left him without making any reply.

She then proceeded to Mr. Gibhard Hauch, the banker who had remitted me the pretended letter of recommendation for Vienna.

Bathed in tears, my mother supplicated him to write off instantly to that city, that dreadful misfortunes had overtaken me, and that I had been sent off with the monster Fichler, &c. &c.

M. Hauch refused to write, but gave Fichler's address, and my mother immediately repaired with it to the Duke.

" Who gave you that direction?" said the Prince, astounded; " let me see." He took the paper, and then resumed, " O! that is not the address; more than fifty years are elapsed since the premises were disposed of. The property is no longer his."

He told a premeditated falsehood; it was only a pretext to excuse his re-delivering the address to my mother. Greatly embarrassed, he concluded by confessing that he had received a letter from Fichler, that it was true we had been overturned, that I was wounded, but that the child had escaped unhurt. He even proceeded so far as to inquire of my mother, if it was true that she had a daughter at Vienna?

My mother immediately divined the stratagem I had resorted to, and replied in the affirmative. Thus was the Duke incontestably proved to have been an accomplice, as well by his ambiguities, the falsehoods resorted to, and his evasive answers.

The friends and agents of the Prince had succeeded in estranging from me all interest by spreading false reports respecting my character, but not in regard to my conduct, for that was well known.

We were subjected to the extreme of misery.

NOTE G.

Attempts to carry off my Son.

One evening, when we had continued very late conversing on all the cruelties exerted towards my son and me, of the misery in which this inhuman parent kept his boy, whom he sought to assassinate, we suffered the hours to

glide on, and did not retire to rest until early in the morning.

When on the point of falling asleep, I was awakened by hearing some one in the act of breaking the wooden bar which I was accustomed to place every night across a door of communication that was in my chamber.

I sprang from my couch, and, uttering piercing shrieks, ran towards the bed of my child to afford him succour; I heard the breaking open of my door, and fell senseless in the middle of my chamber. My mother, my sister, the children, ran——alarmed at my cries, and found me on the floor, deprived of every sensation. The assailants had actually broken the bar, and shattered the door, but my reiterated shrieks had put them to flight.

Some time transpired, when one morning the master of the lodgings I occupied knocked at the same communication-door, and requested me to open it. Knowing I was alone, I took the precaution to go and shut my son up in an obscure room, of which I took the key. I then opened the other portal, when the man entered the chamber, looked cautiously around him on every side, loaded me with abuse, and seized the key of the door of communication. I remarked to him that he was acting illegally; he, however, paid no attention, but went away.

As soon as he had gained his own residence, doubtless to give notice that he had secured the key, I placed the bar across the door way, fastening it as well as I could with a large red handkerchief. This door was in a recess, and I was anxious to secure myself from all attempt at insult. My mother, who had been from home, fortunately returned. I instantly took my son, in order to proceed with him to the Minister of the Police, to give intelligence of what had occurred.

I ran down the stairs with a velocity equal to my fear. I hastened to Count Zilinski, where I soon discovered that I was abandoned to all the intrigues of the Prince of Cobourg.

" Madame, I have already told you the government protects you."

" Alas! how am I to credit the assertion, seeing all that occurs to me? Force and ruse are alike employed to deprive me of my child."

Count Zilinski was not impressed with the least pity for my misfortune, and sent me away in a very rude manner to the police.

Scarcely had I gained the street, when the ruffians forced the door of my apartment. My mother, not knowing how to act, and seeing that in open day our asylum was violated, ran to the ante-chamber, but not being able to open the windows, returned to the apartment, and had only time to gain the window and call out for assistance. The door had just yielded to the efforts of the intruders, but, terrified at the cries of my parent, they fled precipitately into the chamber of Janny. There were several men.

O! horrid scene! They beat my poor mother.... And the police, suborned by the Prince, instead of punishing Janny, on the contrary, menaced my mother with imprisonment.

A report was disseminated in the city that a fire had taken place in our dwelling. M. Hotte, who lived under us, did not come to our assistance, or send any of his domestics.—How did that happen; after the protection said to be accorded us by the Grand Duke? Every body in the hotel came up excepting himself.

I went down to his apartments, and found him trembling. He told me that I ought not to go and tell my affairs to all the world, nor make public what had just occurred. He then went up with me to inspect the broken bar of wood and the mutilated door, which still continued open.

All these circumstances prompted me to draw this inference:—that M. Hotte was no stranger to the whole transaction. But what tended even to confirm me in the idea of his being the principal author of the business was, that

one of his domestics brought me the key of the door, which Janny had so illegally taken.

NOTE H.

Horrible Distress.

MERCIFUL heaven! what a dreadful situation! My mother slept upon straw, without a covering, or sheets; my unfortunate Ernest was bare-footed and in rags, while his mother was reduced to a similar situation!

In this state we were found when the Priest brought the host to be administered to my parent. The paleness of death overspread all our countenances; my child, no longer able to support these cruel wants, called aloud upon death; he came to his wretched mother, and, precipitating himself into my arms, piteously cried, "Mamma, my good mamma, give your child something to eat." He was absolutely on the eve of expiring! my despair knew no bounds; this wretched child then conjured me to be consoled, and declared that he no longer felt the pangs of hunger.

A neighbour, at this critical juncture, came to our aid, and, as long as my mother's malady continued, we were assisted. After the convalescence of my parent, my son became a prey to disease. Alas! alas! what indescribable tortures!

NOTE I.

Interview with M. Metternich.

"WELL, well," said M. Metternich, addressing me, "you must terminate your affairs with the Duke! you and

your son suffer, and all this is detrimental to the Prince for your history makes a terrible noise at Vienna. We must end this business.——We must arrange every thing for the best; but you must promise to be tractable; it is impossible for you to rear the child yourself; he must be placed under the tuition of men; your boy must go to college."

"Never, my Prince, will I consent; I have too many apprehensions."

"Hear me a moment....listen to my proposition, in regard to the Duke and yourself:——you are resolved not to confide your son to his charge!"

"Yes, my Prince."

"Well, then! resign him over to me; I will conduct myself towards him as if he were my own child; I will answer for his safety; I will place him in a college; and you shall have an ample allowance..... What the Duke pays you is not sufficient for your support; you require, at least, six times as much. Ernest must have an income of fifteen thousands francs, a title, and bear his father's name; for I will legitimatize him, and take him under my protection. When he grows up to manhood I will pave the way for him through life; and the title of Compte, that shall be conferred upon him, will assist, and not prove detrimental to his fortunes.——"

"My Prince, I am most sensibly touched by your goodness; but in a college I should feel too much fear, least some attempts were set on foot to injure him."

"Apprehend nothing: under my guidance no one would dare; besides, he will be attended by my physicians, and woe be to them if they attempted the least thing! I answer for his life."

"But the Duke might carry him off."

"No; he shall remain in Austria, and the Prince will have no control over his person; he shall purchase an estate for him on this soil. Your destiny and his must be immediately decided upon. You shall go to college to see

your son whenever you think fit. God forefend that I should ever attempt to impede a mother from visiting her child; and you, above all, who have manifested your devotion in so noble and generous a manner! Now, bear in your mind what I have said, and then state whether you will close with my proposal. If you consent to confide your boy to me, I will make a similar proposition to the Duke. Say *yes*, and you will be eased from the state of poverty you now endure; a competency will be settled upon you; and will it not be preferable to behold your child well educated, in want of nothing, and your own affairs comfortably settled?"

"Such are my offers;—will you accept them? Refuse—and the Prince will wholly abandon you: I do not wish to press you; reflect well; you certainly cannot entertain an idea that I am leagued with the Duke to cause your son's assassination?"

"I advise you to accept; let me receive your decision the earliest possible, in order that I may write off to Cobourg."

I returned home: notwithstanding all these boasted advantages, I found it difficult to make up my mind and yield my darling boy. A secret instinct whispered the perfidiousness of diplomacy.

I, nevertheless, wrote to M. Metternich, stating, that, as he pledged his honour for the life of my son, and that he would never confide him to the Duke, and had solemnly promised that the business should be completely terminated; and that neither my child nor myself should have any further intercourse with the Duke; I accepted his propositions: but I added, "that he must scrupulously abide by every word, and adhere rigidly to the promises he had so generously made me; that, without such an assurance, I would consent to nothing."

I took my final answer; Prince Metternich was at table; and I returned the following morning for his reply. The

porters signified to me that the Prince wished to speak to me in person, and I accordingly followed to his cabinet.

" I am very glad you acquiesce with my proposals. All will terminate much better than you suppose; in the interim, while awaiting the answer from the Duke, here are five hundred francs, which I, with pleasure, offer you from my own purse. I am going to write. But now that I am on the point of entering into this negotiation, pledge me your word of honour that you will give no further publicity to your tale; I exact this from you."

" Prince, I suffer in silence."

" In all the elevated societies nothing is talked of but your history; the Duke incessantly reproaches our police; and you have forwarded a Memoir to Archduke Regnier, wherein there are very strong passages."

" It is no fault of mine, if I have been necessitated to disclose the truth."

" Yes; but there are truths which should not be spoken at all times."

" Wherefore did the Duke carry on intrigues with foreign ambassadors against me and my son? You are not ignorant, my Prince, that Count Loevenhelm, the Swedish envoy, demanded of you, in open company, to have me shut up in some citadel, adding that it was not right a female and her child should compromise the honour of a great family. You turned your back upon him."—" Had he made a similar proposition to me in my study, I should have shown him the door."

It was on this footing the negotiation stood. But, who would have supposed it, not one of these promises was complied with! Prince Metternich merely employed this apparent goodwill in order to bring me to accede to the wishes of the Duke of Cobourg, which were, that I should confide my boy to the hands of his executioners. I refused; the Prince withdrew his protection, when the most agonising misery once more presented the abyss of despair to our view.

SUPPLEMENT TO PART I.

CORRESPONDENCE

OF THE

DUKE OF COBOURG, THE DUCHESS, AND THEIR AGENTS,

WITH

MADAME ALEXANDRE PANAM AND HER FAMILY.

THE following are the documents in confirmation of the first part of these Memoirs. In the originals the French is execrably spelt, according to the German custom (generally speaking) in writing that language; the moral feeling they evince is cruel under existing circumstances: the whole, however, details every necessary proof as to the conduct adopted by his Serene Highness in regard to Madame Panam.

The reader should call to mind, while perusing these pages, the age of the person to whom the letters were sent; the innocence and *naïve* sprightliness of a French girl of fourteen, and the ridiculous recommendations to observe religion and morality, which are herein uniformly prescribed to a child who had been carried off and seduced, without friends, support, name, fortune, or protector. The personages figuring in this scene of rape and seduction are princes and princesses, mighty potentates and royal highnesses; yes, such are the beings who held the victim in their power; who were the first to corrupt youthful inexperience, and lead puerile weakness without the pale of honour and of moral duty.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 1.

The Duke of Cobourg to Pauline.

Ebenist has in vain awaited your arrival at Mayence, because he imagined that you would quit Paris on Monday at the same time as the post, and such also was my opinion. I wrote to say you must wait at Gleusen, the last place previous to your arrival at Cobourg, whither I should despatch a messenger for you; but, upon second thoughts, I conceived it would be preferable that you should continue your rout direct to this place, where, on arriving, you will give me information by a note, and you may continue at the inn or the post-house until you receive my reply. The address upon the letter must be, *To His Serene Highness the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg Saalfeld;* and you must tell the porter in German to deliver the letter *an dem Herzog.* I will then send a conductor for you.

No. 2.

The Duke of Cobourg to Pauline.

My dear little one, in case I should not happen to be here when you arrive, for I am compelled to be absent for a few days, I recommend and confide you to the care of *Eberhard,* director of the *Patimens* (a very good kind of man); he will, *for the present,* conduct you to a farm a league distant, where you must await my return. I apprize you beforehand that you will not be well lodged, and that you must be indulgent; but I know your goodness, dear

little one; you will be resigned for the moment. I entreat you, in the name of heaven, to be discreet, hide yourself from every body, that no one may conjecture who you are. The man to whom I confide you is wholly ignorant of facts; he conceives you to be the son of an acquaintance of mine,* whom he has confided to my care during a journey to Prussia. Do not divulge a syllable. If you require any thing, you have merely to address yourself to M. Eberhard, who is charged with all these affairs.

Be very discreet; and rest assured nothing will afford me more pleasure than to see you.

Pray little one do not chatter.

The Duke to Pauline.

I HAVE commissioned M. Eberhard to fetch you, who will conduct you to the garden where you first was on your arrival here; that is to say, if the weather is favourable; for, if otherwise, it will be better to put off your coming to another opportunity. You will be introduced to my sister, the Grand Duchess Constantine.

The same to the same.

I SEND you Secretary *Tittel*, a very honourable and good man, who acts the *complaisant*† in the retinue of Rosenau: he will undertake the care of you; if you stand in need of any thing apply to him; he will conduct you every where. I have again to beg that you will not be guilty of any fooleries—*dancing* or running.‡ Pray decide whether you

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* So many precautions, recommendations, and excuses, for the asylum to which I was to be consigned, prove how his Serene Highness was perfidious in his conduct and intentions, brutal in their execution, and skilful in the commission of cruelty.

† *Complaisant!* what a singular courtly office!

‡ This good Prince gravely interdicted a child of fourteen from *dancing and running*. These are the fooleries for which he subsequently reproaches me.

choose to dress yourself as a country woman, or in the French manner; at all events, avoid as much as possible being remarked: you need not arrive before seven at Rosenau.

No. 3.

The Duchess of Saxe-Cobourg to Pauline.

I REQUEST you, Miss, to take care of the letters to Prince Linange: I have recommended you to his protection, and I trust your conduct will be discreet and well regulated, that you may not be judged more than light. I have just learned from the Duke that your brother is arrived at Paris, and disapproves equally with myself this mad excursion into Germany: I cannot forgive your sister for having given her consent; for your complete ruin must naturally prove the result of such an ill-judged step, which no one but a French woman would have undertaken.* Show these lines to your brother; they will prove to him that you have not fallen into bad hands. Then return to that brother, who appears to me more prudent than his sister.: advise your sister, Miss, not to think of establishing herself at Cobourg; the town is too small, and the Court too often absent, to enable her to profit by the undertaking.

(Signed) THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF SAXE-COBOURG.

No. 4.

The Duke to Pauline.

I HAVE just ascertained with astonishment that you are here. I must say I am extremely angry at this ill-judged proceeding, which must be productive of disagreeable con-

* Ah! Madame Duchess, is that knowing any thing of the manners of a country.

sequences, both to yourself and me. I have so frequently requested you to be *discreet* and avoid *fooleries*, and yet you repay so ill my confidence, my vows, and prayers; this is not well; added to which, you now leave the field open for all those who may be desirous of speaking to your detriment. What will be your lot, if you are always determined to act giddily and without any previous thought, as to whether you do well or ill,—or if you lose yourself or not? This will lead to consequences the most fearful and unfortunate for you.

I have sworn to protect you,* and to interest myself in regard to your future prospects; but on *condition* that you would be very *prudent* and very *reasonable*, more so than has hitherto been the case; I do not merely speak of physical prudence; but taken in a *moral sense*, which is particularly essential for you; I required from you a blind obedience to my advice,—to my will, and such can only prove for your good. You had promised religiously to fulfil all my wishes and to be dutiful; and this is the way you perform your word!

Can I be satisfied with you? speak yourself; if you will answer frankly, you must say I have had too much cause to think otherwise.

I will not yet state what may prove the termination of your mad-headed conduct; I will endeavour to render matters as little disagreeable as possible; but you must conduct yourself more prudently, without that I will answer for nothing.

P.S. For the present I command you not to quit your chamber.†

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* His Highness swore: but he swore to protect his victim, on condition that she would not *dance* and *run*; it seems, then, I must have been guilty of one of these crimes; and, if so, I have been well punished.

† My fooleries, my disobedience, and my want of prudence, consisted in my fatiguing his Serene Highness with a display of our state of misery, and requiring bread at his hands.—Al. P.

No. 5.

The Duchess to Pauline.

Adieu, my poor Pauline; preserve those pious sentiments which you display in your letter, and the bounteous Omnipotent, who judges human hearts, will take pity upon yours which is so good; he will pardon your former wanderings, if you faithfully return into the paths of virtue—it is not difficult to believe so. You are soon to become a mother; may that sacred title, although acquired in a moment of indiscretion, have its due weight upon your soul! it will save you in future. As soon as your sister comes, transport yourself as far as possible from this part of the country, in order to lie-in; send me news through the medium of M. Tittel, that I may watch over your conduct; and as long as Pauline shall continue discreet and virtuous, she may rely upon my protection. You have lost your innocence, but virtue is not banished from your heart; continue faithful to that sentiment in future, and you will experience felicity and repose of soul.*

(Signed) The Duchess Dowager of Saxe-Cobourg.

No. 6.

The Duke to Pauline.

My good little one, as I shall not see thee again, ere I depart, I once more recommend to thee to be very discreet, docile, and tractable, in regard to every thing my mother shall recommend; place every reliance upon her;

* This specious morality left my infant to be born and nourished in a garret; this touching devotion abandoned me to Providence; these pious homilies dispensed with sending me a kreutzer, some food, and a little firing.

she has promised to take thee under her protection, and to watch over thee. God grant no ill may happen to thee!*

No. 7.

The same to the same.

My good little one, I received thy letter, which proves to me how good and sensible thou art; think, then, how I appreciate thee.

I shall not forget thee, if thou continuest discreet and good, thou shalt always remain under my protection, and I shall ever treat thee as one in whom I take the greatest interest, and of that thou mayst rest assured.

Adieu; be discreet, and keep in good health.

No. 8.

The same to the same.

Good little one, I write to you once more from hence, during my journey, to bid you again adieu; may God take you under his especial guard. Continue good and discreet, and rest assured I shall ever interest myself in your prosperity.

Thou canst only rarely write to me, and that not at any great length, and adopting every *precaution possible*, for all the letters are opened; thou wilt only acquaint me thou art well, that is all I require. My mother undertakes to provide for thee; M. Tittel will pay thy expenses. If

* Who would not have confided in letters so apparently feeling! Yet I stood in need of every thing.—Al. P.

thou art good, my mother will always continue to watch over thee. Adieu, my poor little one; take care of thy health; and always bear in mind my good lessons.*

No. 9.

The Duke to Pauline.

I HAVE received your two letters, dated from Cobourg, wherein I do not, however, find mention of your definitive plans for the autumn and winter. Let me know them. I have already been some weeks here; and my intention is, to return to Germany by the end of the ensuing month. What you tell me, respecting your discreet plans, gives me complete satisfaction; but I am not yet quite certain of the fact; it appears to me, that I again discern some fooleries and little arts that announce the contrary to be the case; we shall look to all this. I request you to be careful of your health, and, above all, not to manifest any giddiness of conduct. Let me learn where you intend going; be prudent, in regard to what you write, as the letters are all inspected. Adieu; continue in health; be prudent. I recommend you to the guardianship of the Almighty.

No. 10.

The Duchess of Cobourg to my Sister.

I FOUND your letter, dated Frankfort, at Carlsbad; and

* I will recapitulate some of these *good lessons* of his Royal Highness: seduction, deceit, and lies, abandonment of the victim whom he had ruined, various attempts at assassination and poisoning, plans to carry off my child, calumnies, &c. No, no, Prince, such lessons are not to be forgotten!!

I immediately write, enclosing a letter for the Prince Primate, which you may present to him. I have requested him, Madame, to permit you to establish yourself at Frankfort; and I do not doubt but he will acquiesce with my wishes. As soon as I have communicated with my son's agents, I shall answer Pauline. I exact of you, Madame, and herself the most profound secrecy respecting her intercourse with my son; the most trivial indiscretion on this head would cause you both to forfeit my protection. ..... *I am indulgent ..... but I know how to deal vengeance on those who should dare to abuse it!!!* I salute you.

(Signed) AUGUSTA.

No. 11.

The Duchess to Pauline.

I PITY you from my soul, poor Pauline, for all the contrarieties to which you are subjected. Perhaps my letter to the Prince Primate will produce its effect; in case of a refusal, take up your abode at Mayence, which is very near; you will be comfortable there, and living is cheap. I will remit you some louis by the post, while you are awaiting an answer from *yonder*. I again recommend the greatest discretion, my dear Pauline; you would compromise me most cruelly, if your story was to be made public; and, most assuredly, my indulgence, particularly at *the present moment*, would not be regarded in a very favourable point of view. You must adopt some name; say that your husband is employed, and is gone to the Islands: that only can save you from embarrassing questionings and the contempt that awaits indiscretion. So long as you remain dis-

creet and tractable, you may rely on my good offices. Adieu, Pauline.*

(Signed) A.

No. 12.

The Duke to Pauline.

I HAVE this instant received yours from Frankfort; I am much pained, on account of the disagreeables you have suffered, and that my commands in regard to you have been so little attended to.

Poor little one! what embarrassments you must have experienced. I have requested Leopold to arrange every thing as you desire, through the medium of M. Tittel. Address yourself, therefore, only to him, and state that it is by my order. I hope that before this all is settled. I beg of you to be careful of your health; you cannot as yet travel, that would be prejudicial to you. As it is necessary to be guarded in all things, do not forget that *I am* 800 *leagues distant from you,* and that every thing cannot be transacted so speedily as I could wish.

In the month of November I shall for a certainty return home. Do not go to any great distance, in order that I may for a certainty find you in Germany. Fear nothing, I shall not forget you, and always occupy myself with your welfare.

M. Tittel will supply you with money for your necessaries.

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* There are evident contradictions in this and the preceding letters. Would silence be so urgently demanded, as well as discretion and prudence, from a despicable mistress, less the victim of others than her own weakness, if dangerous exposures and terrible truths were not be apprehended?—AL. P.

No. 13.

The same to the same.

I HOPE that by this time your sister is with you, and that you have also received the money you requested.

The moment I return, which will be at the beginning or by the middle of November, I will write respecting your brother. Remain quiet until then, and do not forget that you are under my care, and that you cannot act without my acquiescence. Be careful of your health, and let me hear news from you, through M. Tittel.

No. 14.

The Duchess to Pauline.

GOOD day, my dear Pauline, I am glad to find you are in good health; I cannot state so much in regard to my own, which is affected by the dreadful state of the weather we have experienced during some weeks. I will remit you money to-morrow; I could not do it before. Adieu; may you enjoy health and continue tractable.

(Signed) AUGUSTA.

P.S. You seem to have changed your abode; and, as you are naturally of a giddy temper,* I do not altogether confide in the direction you have sent me. I shall address the packet, containing the money, to Madame Lingis, Post-office; it will arrive at Frankfort on Tuesday at farthest.

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* Almost a child, abandoned to myself, in a strange country, knowing nothing of the place or of mankind, a Frenchwoman but newly issued from the maternal roof; I was giddy, I allow; eleven years of suffering have completely cured me.—AL. P.

No. 15.

Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg to Pauline.

Miss,—I remit you by M. Tittel a hundred florins, to supply your exigencies, and let me advise you to be economical, as it is not convenient to send money at all times: it is not long since you received a supply; live, therefore, in such a way as to regulate your expenses to your finances.*

(Signed) Leopold Prince of Saxe-Cobourg.

No. 16.

Pauline to the Duchess.

Madame Duchess,—I am well persuaded in respect to the kind intentions you may entertain as regards me; but all the world do not think with your Royal Highness, and I ought to the utmost of my ability to afford protection to my child. It is with pain I perceive that evil intentions are manifesting themselves towards me; I should endure without complaining, did I not foresee that, at some future period, my son might become the victim. The letter from Prince Leopold leads me to apprehend every thing; I am still in complete ignorance concerning my destiny. I supplicate your Highness to enlighten me on that head; I tremble on viewing the hatred that is directed against my infant: perhaps the period may arrive when attempts will be made to alienate the heart of his father from him. Ah! Madame, how widely different are the contents of that letter from the language of yours! How little consideration has he adopted in regard to me; his communication has led me to make the most melancholy reflections upon my situation. I am very wretched! I supplicate, Madame, that you will renew your assurances,—in you are centered all my hopes.

Pauline.

* Refer to the Memoirs, p. 60, for proofs of the falsehood contained in this obdurate letter.—Al. P.

No. 17.

The Duchess to Pauline.

You are in the wrong Pauline to complain of Leopold: he cannot take upon himself to expend his brother's money; and you apply for it with all the thoughtlessness and indiscretion of a French woman;* it is too true, that, after so many expensive journeys, Ernest is called upon to be very economical on his return, which will not take place until February. I will see that a yearly pension shall be settled upon you for the support of yourself and child. Your reflections, poor Pauline, come a little too late; it was previous to your imprudent conduct, and the following a young man into a *strange country*, that you should have thought upon results: and I am very fearful that this act, which, in the onset, had only the appearance of flightiness, was a real plan concerted with your sister to pluck a young man and enrich yourselves at his expense.—No, Pauline, neither you nor your child will ever be objects of hatred or persecution, this you shall ascertain by future conduct,†—unless you seek to act the part of a *mistress;* in such case you would experience my utmost severity. As you may uniformly rely upon my protection so long as you continue worthy; if you bring a daughter into the world give her the name of Pauline, if a boy, christen him Oasten. Adieu, Pauline.‡

I pray God that he may enable you to meet with fortitude the painful moments that await you. A.

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* What an attack this upon the female French character!

† Futurity has arrived. I wanted bread; I was poisoned!—AL. P.

‡ That is to say *Walstein*. What contradictions breathe throughout the above composition! I was anxious to *pluck* his Highness; and yet it is allowed that *I was not desirous of acting the part of a mistress.* I was wrong to require money for the support of my son, and yet a thousand good reasons are adduced to prevent any from being given! Involuntary confessions which overturn your morality and make your lessons appear as so many pretexts for cruelty.—AL. P.

No. 18.

Pauline to the Duke of Cobourg.

Before I give birth to my infant, permit me, my Prince, to address you on the subject of its future destiny; I should have left you sole arbiter on this head, but I am fearful of your weakness. Yes; I perceive with pain that evil measures are resorted to in respect to me; I would suffer tacitly did I not fear my offspring might become the sad victim: you have told me that you cannot avow yourself its father; it must consequently be exposed to the mercy of individuals, who will have imbibed no feelings towards it. It will in vain solicit aid from you, and its father will not be able to protect it! On me, therefore, devolves the task of foreseeing all the ills that may assail it. Ensure—I supplicate of you, the fate of your infant; for myself I require nothing. I have communicated all my intentions to the worthy Duchess. I am anxious your family should feel convinced that I do not seek to abuse your liberality. I shall return to France with the only creature I love and esteem. Your brother has reproached me with a want of economy, while, at the same time, we have long been deprived of necessaries. I am on the very eve of being put to bed, and yet I am unprovided with the first requisite, covering for my infant. Alas! I am in a state of pregnancy, far from my country, without resource,—without friends; looking to you alone for consolation; and from whom but yourself have I a right to claim it? Must I be deprived of it at the very moment when I bring your child into the world? The most blissful period heaven could accord me would be that which made me a mother, did you combine with it the name of father and protector.

The doctor has assured me that my delivery will take place in fifteen days. Ah! dear Ernest, conceive my situa-

tion. I do not dare breathe a word on that head, fearful of giving you pain.*

No. 19.

My Sister to the Duke of Cobourg.

The silence maintained by your Royal Highness in regard to Pauline has reduced her to despair: you have recommended her to individuals, and she applied to them according to your orders, in the last extremity: they have not, however, thought fit to comply with your wishes; as they await the return of your Royal Highness to Cobourg. For two months we have been amused with these hopes; the state of Pauline is afflicting beyond all description. I cannot conceal it from you. In want of every thing at a time when all supplies should be in plenty, enjoying your protection.... Yet I await with horror the moment that shall make her a mother, on a foreign soil; without any resource or knowledge; in a complete state of destitution. You alone can save her from this abyss. I dare supplicate your Royal Highness to remit a speedy answer. The lives of two creatures, who ought to be interesting to your Royal Highness, are at stake. Pauline is incapable of addressing you. The confidence which I place in your Royal Highness leads me to hope, that, if the Almighty permits this letter to reach you, a termination will be put to all our disquietudes. It is now four months and a half since she has received a line at the hands of your Royal Highness.

* This unfortunate silence was more than once my bane. This delicacy was requited with misery, opprobrium, and poison.—Al. P.

No. 20.

The Duke to Pauline.

I RECEIVED by the greatest chance, when passing through Memel, your letter of the 18th January. I perceive from what you state, that my commands have been very ill attended to; and I am much grieved at your embarrassment, the more so, as I had done every thing to place you in a comfortable position, nor can I imagine how the contrary has been the case. You complain of not hearing from me; I had equally the same feeling, as this letter, which came to hand at Memel, was the first during four months received from you, but it could not be otherwise, as I was expected home by the end of October; and as I could not remit them letters, being uniformly travelling during the whole of the time, to acquaint them with the reasons of my non-arrival; they in consequence kept all letters that came to me, thinking to see me return daily. And as regards myself, all the communications I have expedited have been lost on the road, owing to the dreadful negligence which at present exists in the posting department. From this you perceive the blame is not attached to me, neither can I believe that you attribute such conduct to forgetfulness upon my part; believe me, on the contrary, I have uniformly kept you in memory.

For the present moment, and to secure you from further embarrassment, I herewith send you a letter of credit for 1000 francs. I did not think, little one, that you was so near your *accouchement;* but should it arrive as expected, be assured of my sincere interest, and of my vows for your welfare. Be prudent, and take care of your health. I before told you that you must pass yourself off as the widow of a superior officer killed in Poland. You will have the child baptized under the name of the fictitious father, just as you may think fit to call him, but you must write the account of it to me; at the same time I caution you to be *discreet* and

avoid *imprudence.* I have my reasons for desiring this more than ever; it is on such condition we shall continue friends; do not mention my name to any one. If you acted otherwise, it would no longer be in my power to shield you from the evils that must in consequence result to yourself.

Be *circumspect* in all that you *do,* and *say,* and *write;* it is necessary for your own good.

Adieu. May heaven take you under its protection.*

No. 21.

The same to the same.

I AM at length arrived, through the most dreadful roads and amidst horrible weather, extremely happy in having terminated this distressing journey.

I found your letter, poor little one; how sorry I am at the sufferings you have experienced! believe me, I sincerely share them with you. I have called those to task whom I had deputed to furnish you with remittances; but they are not so culpable as I at first thought. They twice furnished money; on one occasion it was lost by the post, which was robbed, and on the other the inundations prevented the arrival of letters at Frankfort, &c.†

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* This style is cold; these are *icy* precautions. It is easily perceptible, that the 1000 *francs* were extracted from avarice, and not the emanations of sensibility, or, at least, from a sentiment of duty, but with all that regard to prudence on which his R. H. expatiates so incessantly.—AL. P.

† *Inundations, robbery,* and *the stoppage of the post,* &c. What events! a romance-tale could not have been better conceived. —AL. P.

No. 22.

The same to the same.

I HAVE received the letters from yourself and your sister, which afforded extreme pleasure. I conceive I need not repeat that I took the liveliest and most feeling interest in the event, and that nothing could afford me greater felicity than to hear that you and your little one enjoyed good health. Poor child, what pain it inflicts, when I think how much you must have suffered. I should much like to see yourself and the little one; it ought to go on thrivingly; how sorry I am not to be able to state precisely when I shall realize that desire; but existing circumstances are so contradictory, that it is impossible to form any projects; notwithstanding, I shall endeavour to visit you the earliest possible. Say every thing for me to your sister, and kiss the infant on my part. It would delight me, could I do the same thing in person.

No. 23.

The same to the same.

YOUR letter is just arrived, containing the hair of the dear little one, which it encloses. Your communication has been a long time on the road; and I can only attribute the delay to the march of the armies through our territories, by which we are so heavily burthened, and which interrupt the regular progress of the posts. All this country and its environs are crowded with French, being very ruinous for the inhabitants; your farming-woman of *Esslau* has alone thirty soldiers to nourish daily in her house, from which you may imagine she is not in the best of humours. All this, and the dread of war breaking out, gives great

uneasiness. For myself, I am in consequence placed in the most painful situation, and prevented from seeing you as I could wish. The reproaches which you make me, respecting your brother, are very unjust; for I have uniformly watched over his interests, in order to procure his discharge; but it appears that it cannot be accorded him, as it is stated no such measure can be tolerated in time of war. I was afterwards informed of his being in Italy, a circumstance that may tend still more to retard your wishes. Rest assured I have, and will still continue to use my most strenuous endeavours to give you pleasure on this head. If I am unsuccessful, at all events do me the credit to believe it is no fault of mine, but the adverse intentions of others. By the next post you will receive the sum required;* I await your letter, and offer up prayers for the health of your little one.

No. 24.

The same to the same.

It is an age since I heard from you. Pray write more frequently; tell me all that transpires; whether yourself and little one are in health; and how you spend your time. You know all this interests me; therefore do not forget. I was always apprehensive, lest the war should be carried into that part of the country you inhabit; but you may now rest assured there is nothing to fear, as the armies have proceeded in a direction diametrically opposite to that first intended. Our country has materially suffered, and many of the inhabitants are reduced to beggary; you may also conceive that I have not been benefited. We have received no news of my poor brother, which causes me heart-

* The post arrived; but with it no money.—Al. P.

felt grief, because he continued for a great length of time in imminent danger; my brother-in-law, whom I also love extremely, has been grievously wounded; all which is not calculated to tranquillize my mind. I await with impatience the opportunity of paying you a visit, which has hitherto been impracticable. Do you still continue to give nourishment to your infant, or is it too much grown to require it? I cannot figure to myself the idea of beholding you with a baby.

I will send* you money, for I think you must want a supply. Write to me quickly; and continue discreet. May no accident happen to you.

No. 25.

The same to the same.

I HAVE received your two letters, but so late, that they are absolute antiquities; I believe they were six weeks old. I perceive, by your last, that you continue very apprehensive, in consequence of belligerent operations; and that you entertain fears respecting your remaining in safety at Frankfort. There is no need to re-assure you; events have already done so; you are in complete safety where you reside. You tell me, that you wish a fixed sum to be given for your support, in order that you may thereby regulate your expenditure; I think that would be best; but how much would be necessary to maintain you? Tell me whether 2000 *francs*† per annum would be sufficient, or if

* *I will send;* still the *future* tense, which never was changed into the *present*.

† For the purpose of making a provision for the future, and to arrange respecting what was to come, all idea of my existing wants was to be neglected.

more would be requisite; answer me speedily on this subject, and I will then remit you money every quarter, beginning from the first of the ensuing month. Does not the fine weather we now experience call to your recollection last summer? How disagreeable it is we cannot spend it in the same way. I never go to Rosenau, but my regrets increase. I have suffered much, and still continue to experience pain from the unfortunate fall that made me an invalid last year; added to which my temper is soured, because time drags heavily; and I spend a life worthy of a Carthusian. Adieu. I expect letters from you.

No. 26.

The same to the same.

I HAVE just received your communications of the 13th and 17th of the present month; my last letter, which contained a reply to your demands, has doubtless tranquillized your fears.

I am charmed to find that you and your little one are in good health, and the details you give concerning him afford me the liveliest gratification; but in regard to your coming hither, it is impossible; I can neither approve of or permit it, notwithstanding my affection; I am compelled to make a journey to Saxony, which will cause me an absence from hence of several weeks. Secondly, so many obstacles present themselves, which it is impossible I can now detail, and which must impede your return to this place, a step I cannot hear agitated. I promise, as soon as possible, to see you at Frankfort, where I will indicate another place at which we can meet. Have a little patience; and, above all, give me your promise that you will not *present yourself here*, by chance, *like a bomb*, as such a proceeding would

dreadfully annoy me, and its consequences, without doubt, would fall upon yourself.

My good little one, be guilty of no improprieties and be prudent; such is the advice I give you.

No. 27.

The same to the same.

I YESTERDAY got your letter, and, in reply, have much to say, but I have not sufficient time to answer immediately; have a little patience and you will receive a reply. In respect to your query whether or not the child should be *vaccinated;* I not only consent, but think it highly necessary, and let it be done the soonest possible, for, to the best of my belief, Spring is the fittest season, and there are very good doctors at Frankfort.

I again recommend you to be discreet in your conduct. Let no one suspect you have any correspondence here; I have my reasons for thinking this measure more necessary now than ever; above all, do not mention me to any one. You will shortly receive an answer to your demand, till then* I offer up the tenderest vows for yourself and the little one.

No. 28.

The same to the same.

HEREWITH I remit you the sum required to put your

* Always to wait! Ah, my prince! the milk as well as the life of your victim were dwindling away!—AL. P.

affairs in a little order; by the ensuing post you will receive the promised answer.

I am sorry I cannot do it on the instant, but I am so harassed for time I have not an instant to myself.

Adieu! let me speedily hear from you.

No, 29.

The same to the same.

I YESTERDAY received yours of the 10th instant, at which I have just cause to be angry, and you must know and judge me but little;—if I did not wish you well I should take it seriously ill upon your part. Do you then imagine that the journies I take are merely those of amusement and pleasure, and that I on that account absent myself from you? Ah! these are pretty times indeed for amusement! They are journies on business, occasioned by the troubles and the state of warfare in which we are involved; I can pledge myself that all idea of pleasure is at an end. I once more repeat it, that, had not insurmountable obstacles intervened, I should long since have abandoned every thing to see you, *but, as it is neither permitted me to think or to act,* like a child, I have submitted to imperious circumstances, notwithstanding the pain it has occasioned me: *as soon as* I can I will meet you, for the purpose of scolding you for the wicked thoughts you entertain respecting me.

I wish you to reply immediately, and ask my pardon for this shameful quarrel; besides which, I require from you an account in detail of all that you do: it appears to me that your letters are all written by rule, as they never contain more than twelve lines. Adieu!

No. 30.

The same to the same.

I WRITE these few lines to state that should any news respecting war arrive in your neighbourhood you would not suffer that to affright you, and to rest assured you are perfectly safe at Frankfort; the theatre of war cannot, above all, at the present moment, be transferred to that quarter. Rest assured I shall uniformly watch over your safety. In eight days I shall return home; I then hope to be able to let you know the time when I shall have the pleasure of seeing you. Since there have been troops quartered in these parts, all communications by means of the post have been cut off: on that account I endeavour to find an excuse for the length of time that has transpired since I heard from you. Embrace your dear little one.

No. 31.

The same to the same.

ON my arrival here, I found two letters, sent during my absence; and it is with pleasure I learn that you and the little one are well. I cannot express to you the desire I have to see the dear child, particularly after the statements which you make; from this you may imagine how disagreeable and painful it is for me to find my hopes uniformly frustrated. On returning hither, I conceived that no obstacle would present itself to impede my instantly joining you; but, most unfortunately for me, the theatre of war is again directed towards our country; we are environed by armies on every side; and my duty debars me from abandoning my troops at this juncture of crisis and danger. However, from all that can be conjectured, the fate of arms will speedily be decided, when the troops will imme-

diately direct their march from hence, and we shall then be free. I shall go to visit my sister at Amorbach, and from thence my route will be to you. I hope that you will offer up your vows, in order that this may speedily happen.

Time is pressing I cannot continue my letter; by next post you shall hear further.

Adieu. A thousand kind remembrances.

No. 32.

The same to the same.

HERE I am at length arrived. I was not so soon expected, so that it proved a complete surprise, which gave my sister considerable pleasure. I found her completely recovered from her illness, and her children more polite and handsome than ever. It is astonishing how strongly her little one resembles Auguste;* at some future period they may not deny their parentage;† it is a charming child, only nineteen months old, and begins to prattle and to walk alone. My sister, however, only gave it the breast for two months, and yet the infant profited more than the other child, who sucked during five months. Take a lesson from this, and do not nourish your own for a longer period, as it is neither good for you or the baby. I impatiently await news from you, which I hope you have addressed to M. Tittel, for it would no longer find me here. Tell me how the little one does; whether you are satisfied with your new abode; and what you did on Sunday last. Fearful that you may stand in need of money, and as it

* Ernest Auguste—the names of my son.

† Throughout these letters we have at length our trait, that seems to bespeak something like sensibility.—AL. P.

would be too long were I to await my return home ere I send, I remit you from hence a hundred florins. Adieu, my little one; more another time.

No. 33.

The Duke to Pauline.

I YESTERDAY got yours; and am glad to find that you and the child are well. It was an age since I had heard from you, and I can assure you I was not a little out of temper on that account. You are very avaricious of your letters. It is not, however, business that prevents your writing; really, was I not so indulgent, I might well surmise something, and have a quarrel with you. Who is this General L****, and the amiable society of which you are enamoured? If this delightful intercourse permits it, I request you will favour me with some details in the first letter you expedite.* Tell me, my dear, the reason why you look upon me as a person destined for the other world? I can assure you for the present I have no desire to undertake such a journey, and I beg to assure you that I am in perfect health. If I was so happy as to be near you, I think it would be in my power to give you some proofs of the veracity of my thesis.

You ask me for money; I had given orders that a supply might be sent. In regard to *your fears for the future*, I can assure you I have adopted plans that will tranquillize your mind. I told you that it would not be in my power to allow you more than 3000 francs as a fixed salary; I am very sorry, but for the present you must content yourself with that;† as

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* Consult the Memoirs for the motive of this adroit pretext, and the jealousy so ably counterfeited.—AL. P.

† I should have been satisfied with much less; if the assertions of the Prince were to be credited, it would appear, that I had demanded millions at his hands. To be explicit, I absolutely stood in need of bread.

soon as I can remit you more, you may rest assured I shall do so.*

Adieu. Reply the soonest possible; and embrace the little one in my name.

No. 34.

The Duke to Pauline.

I HAVE just received your letter, which surprises me much; you are going on in a very pretty way, and what pleases me most is, you are portraying your journey hither just as a thing to affright me and make me act as you desire; if your return to this place were feasible, as it is not, I should not be so discontented, for *the nights are long, and I grow weary:* but, for the latter reason, is it necessary I should wish you to undertake it; that would be useless. You bid me pay your debts; I confess I am weary of it. For this time I will be complaisant, but I have told you it shall be the last; and if, in future, you are guilty of fooleries, you may repair them as you can. Before I finish, I have one little remark to make; I have demanded some explanation respecting the course of life you lead, the societies you frequent, and the amiable General you so much extol. You are silent upon all these subjects; I comprehend,—yes, I understand, and beg you to believe that I am not the dupe.†

I am charmed that the little one is so well, and beg you to caress him upon my part. I have ordered money to be sent you; yet, notwithstanding, I request a note may be

* See the Memoirs, by way of proving how the Prince realized these promises.

† Excellent expedient resorted to in this letter! The Prince assuming the most exaggerated and false reproaches, took advantage of actual circumstances.—AL. P.

remitted of all you owe and stand in need of.* Adieu. Learn to be discreet and prudent.

No. 35.

The Duke to Pauline.

You herewith receive the money required; but, at the same time, *I repeat to you that it is the last you will have;* if you incur any further debts, pay them as you can. Money will be sent to you sufficient for your maintenance; and as I shall probably be absent on a journey, and it is doubtful whether I can see you prior to my setting out, I commend myself to your remembrance, and wish you all the happiness possible. Embrace the little one on my part.†

P.S. I am angry with you on account of the pretty letters you have written to me.

No. 36.

The same to the same.

I am sorry to answer your letters so tardily, but a cold I caught when hunting has indisposed me, and such a dreadful head-ache has been the consequence, it was impossible for me to write for fifteen days back.‡ As I now find myself better, I take the opportunity of thanking you for all the kindnesses expressed in your last letter; such was not

* Excellent man! a month afterwards, I still expected in vain.—Al. P.

† Among the kind lessons of the Duke's, it will appear that he frequently inculcated that of living without money and never incurring debts.

‡ A complete farcical affair: what a charming scene that of a fifteen days head-ache, in reply to the most urgent necessities.—Al. P.

the case in your preceding communications; and they were probably intended to make me forget your former asperity: you now treat me better, and in order to prove I am not vindictive, and am desirous of forgetting the past, I beg we may say no more upon the subject; be assured I wish you all the good possible, and that I offer the sincerest vows for your happiness; but you are a child, and it is my duty to act the part of your governor. I am charmed that the little one is well; show him kindnesses upon my part.

No. 37.

General L * * * to Pauline.*

THE subjoined letter,* Madame, which I have received in reply to that forwarded from Wilhelmsbad, will prove that he is not so discreet as yourself.

Continue to act thus, and fifty years hence you will neither be better in health, riches, nor more happy!

I trust you will believe that I shall do all in my power for your brother, to whom I shall remit your communication. Assure yourself, Madam, with how much pleasure I should again behold you.

L* * * *.

No. 38.

The Duke to Adelaide.

MY dear friend, I herewith send you the books you were so kind as to lend me: to-morrow evening I shall depart from hence to my own mansion, and I thought it better to

* A family letter of no interest to the reader, wherein were detailed some traits of youth relative to my poor brother, whom I had the misfortune to lose when in the army.—AL. P.

send them from hence than from that place. The sudden frost which has set in gives me great uneasiness upon your account, as it will be difficult for you to sustain it in the apartments you now occupy, without catching cold; I, therefore, beg of you to change them for a dwelling on the second story, where you will find stoves better arranged for the winter season: do not forget this, otherwise you will be ill.

As soon as I arrive at home you shall hear from me. A thousand kindnesses to your sister, and the same to your dear little one.

P.S. Do not forget the handkerchief for my sister and the robe for my mother.

No. 39.

The Duke to Pauline.

The numerous troops on their march and the excessive cold have slackened my journey so much that I could not arrive till yesterday. I have found two letters, one of which ought probably to have accompanied the robe, which is not yet arrived; this delay is very unfortunate, for my mother's birth-day was yesterday, and I had been so anxious to make her this little present; in all probability the negligence of the post has played me this shameful trick; at all events ascertain at Hanau whether it was forgotten. With the empty trunk I shall remit you the articles demanded. The excessive cold and the miserable resting-places I have found on my road have subjected me to a dreadful cold, that almost prevents me seeing or speaking, happily it does not debar me the pleasure of corresponding with you. The post is setting out; I must conclude; a thousand remembrances for you and caresses for the dear little one.

No. 40.

Madame Lingis to her Sister Pauline.

I ARRIVED here Thursday night, and my first business was to address the Grand Duke. There was a ball at his hotel; he read my letter with so much distraction that he thought it must be you, and immediately issued orders that I should not quit my chamber, and that he would let me know on the morrow when and where he could see me. On coming to himself he reperused my letter and found his mistake. On the ensuing morning he despatched the waiting-woman of his sister the Grand Duchess Constantine with a letter, stating that a messenger would be sent for me between nine and ten o'clock. The chambermaid came accordingly, and conducted me to the Castle, where I was received by the Grand Duchess herself, who is undeniably one of the most amiable persons I ever saw; she spoke of you with the greatest kindness, and said she should be charmed to see the little Auguste.

I conversed with her a length of time upon the footing of old acquaintance, and as she found the Duke delay his appearance, she went to fetch him. He inquired whither I was going; I answered, to Dresden; that since his departure you had always continued indisposed; that you could not quit Wilhelmsbad without paying the debts you owed, and that you was destitute of every thing. He stated that he had received no news from you. I informed him, however, that you had written several times, and that I was astonished at his non-reception of your letters. I then gave him your communication, when he quitted me to read it, requesting I would go to his mother, who was desirous of seeing me. I went to the Duchess, who gave me the most cordial reception; she spoke much concerning you; that she was greatly interested in your behalf, and had it not been for the event which has occurred she would have placed you near her own person; but that it was found necessary

to separate a young and beautiful female from the Duke, who could only prove prejudicial to him.

It appears that they entertain the best intentions towards the dear little angel. I did not forget to tell them how good and handsome he was. They will not leave him in obscurity; they seem determined, at the proper season, to give him an education suitable to his rank. After all this, my dear Pauline, you ought to entertain no disquietude respecting the destiny of your boy. And, as regards yourself, the Duchess told me that it was absolutely necessary that the Duke should give you an allowance; in reply, I stated it was impossible you could exist upon the remittances at present made. My opinion is they intend to consult, and in the evening I shall learn their decision; notwithstanding this I feel discontented, knowing the wretched state in which I left you, and that his Royal Highness is not expeditious: my wish was that he should furnish money immediately.

The Duchess requests you will not present yourself here on your passage to Dresden; that at any other time she should be happy to see you, but at the present period there are *too many grand projects on the tapis;* and that there are many envious persons who only seek to injure and prove prejudicial to the Duke.

From what I have heard respecting Dresden, I am almost sorry that I undertook the journey; in case I do not find myself better situated, I shall seek an asylum near yourself, without being burthensome to you, as it is too painful for me to see that you impose privations upon yourself for us. Josephine was much caressed by the Grand Duchess, and also embraced by the Duchess; they found her very much grown. The Countess Meinstorff is brought to bed of a boy. His Royal Highness stated to the Grand Duchess, that he found you more beautiful, and that you became more lovely every day.

I am just returned from the Castle, and my heart is much easier. I was overwhelmed with friendship and with com-

pliments. It is the intention of the Duke and Duchess to send a carriage and all requisites for your journey; I particularly requested an immediate supply of money.*

No. 41.

The Duke of Cobourg to Pauline.

Only two days since I returned from a journey, which I was necessitated to perform, in order to terminate my brother's affairs. Upon my arrival, two letters from you were delivered to me: concerning the first, you certainly would have received no answer, it made me so truly angry; how is it, you then *never* will become *reasonable?* the second gave me pain, because I perceived you were afflicted, and that prompted me to reply. Your sister acquainted me with your wish of residing at Dresden: if that will make you happy, I have no objection; and if you promise to be discreet, and not give way to fooleries, I consent; and I will send for you to Wilhemsbad. In the interim, let me hear from you, and do not give way to useless despair.

No. 42.

Madame Lingis to Pauline.

My dear and good sister, I am sensibly affected on account of my mother's illness and all the sufferings you experience. I hope the indisposition of our parent will not have any serious results; and I advise you, my dear Pauline, by the friendship you entertain for us, and the love you feel for your angel, not to give too sudden a vent to your

* Is this, I would ask, the species of correspondence of two women, who had entered into an understanding for the purpose of *plucking* the Prince?—Al. P.

fears; you thereby do yourself great injury. I entreat you to procure a loan of money from M. Tavel, since he was so kind as to make you the offer, and do not leave yourself destitute of every thing. How I feel for you! you experience enough mental anguish, without subjecting yourself to other privations.

I have written to the Duchess, recalling her promises to mind. She appears to love you very much; write, therefore, to her, my dear Pauline; explain to her your situation: she will be sensible of your feelings, and will speak to the Duke, in order that he may remit you what is requisite. Tell him that you are apprehensive he may be ill, since you have received no news at his hands, that you are destitute of every thing; do not fear writing too often; I am convinced he is at home, in perfect health, as he is never absent but to visit the environs: but you know how he acts; he always promises, and as uniformly forgets; you ought not to fear reminding him of his promises. He so sincerely gave me assurances of remitting you money and a carriage, that it is requisite to teaze him. I am going to address him, and you should do the same. I was desirous of sending you a little money; but I have so recently arrived here, that I am averse to asking for any. Do not make yourself unhappy, my well-beloved; hope all for the best. Adieu, my good sister.*

No. 43.

The Duchess of Cobourg to Pauline.

I HAVE received your letter, my dear Pauline; and I am sorry that the stuff of which my robe is made is not to

* Such was the true picture of our situation, of our thoughts; such are the deceptions we had recourse to, in order to profit by the poor Duke.—AL. P.

be found at Frankfort; I request you will procure me one through the medium of Miss Moreau.

There you are alone, and doubtless very melancholy, at Wilhemsbad. That might well be expected; and, as patience is not precisely your attribute, you thus seek for amusement in a convent. But, to be serious, I am charged by the Duke to acquaint you, that he is on the point of undertaking a long journey, which will command his absence for a procrastinated period; and that, in future, you must therefore address yourself to me; it is requisite I should add that your removal to Dresden will be provided for; but, if you prefer returning to France, the Duke is willing, providing whatsoever step you adopt is decisive. If, after this, you change your residence, the expense must fall upon yourself; for the Duke will neither defray the disbursements incidental to the journey, nor the debts you may incur; it therefore remains with yourself to act accordingly, as you cannot depend upon more than ten louis a month, which are guaranteed to you;* they shall be scrupulously paid, but nothing else, under any pretext whatsoever. You can receive no more than that amount; consider, therefore, where you will be most agreeably placed, or whether you wish to be with Madame Lingis. Adieu, Pauline. Answer the present, in order that I may arrange accordingly. May you enjoy good health, and continue tractable.†

AUGUSTA.

No. 44.

The Duke of Cobourg to Pauline.

IT is but just I should attest that you know how to keep

*. Had these ten louis been paid, as promised, all would have been well.

† The intention of this letter is easily penetrated. This dismissal to France, this desire of getting rid of me, must be obvious to every mind.—AL. P.

your word, when it is requisite to act contrary to the will of another. You one day told me that you would arrive here unexpectedly, and like a bomb; I thought you too reasonable to credit such an assertion, but I find I was deceived, and that it is probably to show I am concerned with a French head, that you have paid no attention to my requests.

Here, then, you are come, as I imagine, to join your sister at Dresden, as you understood from my mother, who is kind enough to take charge of every thing that regards you; it is consequently to her you must apply, in respect to every arrangement for the future. It is my mother you must obey in all that appertains to your conduct.

My parent proposes seeing you this morning; she will make known where she intends giving you audience; I am sorry that I cannot have that pleasure; but I am obliged to be absent, and shall not return until late at night, or to-morrow, when I will meet you.

No. 45.

The Duchess to Pauline.

I AM very discontented with you, Pauline; notwithstanding every thing I said to your sister at our last interview. I will converse with you this morning in the garden of the Grand Duchess, which is close to that of the court. You know the way; come there at ten o'clock, and you will find a person ready to conduct you to the gardener's dwelling. You cannot remain at the inn, as there is a *casino* there; and I am anxious you should not be known; at all events, procure another chamber on a different story of the house; let M. Tittel make this application for you.

No. 46.

The Duchess of Cobourg to Pauline.

M. TITTEL will acquaint you, that a person after four o'clock will present himself to conduct you to the Castle. It happens, that the measles infect the inn which you inhabit; strive to quit the mansion as soon as possible, and do not suffer the children to leave the apartment; it would be dreadful for them to catch the contagion. I am extremely dissatisfied that you should cause the girl of the inn to come here; this will give rise to stories; have prudence enough to say that the two children are your sister's.

A.

No. 47.

Secretary Tittel to Pauline.

ON returning home, I found the accompanying letter, which I return, having received orders to admit no communication.

(Signed) TITTEL.

No. 48.

The same to the same.

I HAVE absolute orders to admit no letter whatsoever from you; and I therefore send back the accompanying. I am your humble servant,

TITTEL.

END OF SUPPLEMENT TO PART I.

SUPPLEMENT TO PART II.

No. 1.

THE CONTRACT.

Cobourg, April 25th, 1810.

ARTICLE 1.—An allowance will be made to Madame A. P. Alexandre of 3000 francs, as an annual pension.

ART. 2.—This sum will be paid by a banker, resident in the city she shall inhabit, so that every two months one-sixth of the amount may be drawn.

ART. 3.—The debts of Madame A. P. Alexandre, contracted at Wilhelmsbad, and the amounts of which have been given in by her, shall be liquidated.

ART. 4.—Money shall be found to defray her expenses as far as Dresden.

ART. 5.—Twelve hundred francs shall be paid to procure the furniture necessary for her apartments.

ART. 6.—All the debts she shall in future contract are not to be liquidated.

ART. 7.—Madame A. P. Alexandre shall, as speedily as possible, quit the estates of his Serene Highness the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg, and never return; without which the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th articles are invalid.

Executed double at Cobourg, this 25th April, 1810.

By order.

(Signed) DE SZYMBORSKI.

No. 2.

M. Verlohren to Pauline.

Dresden, 10th March, 1813.

MADAME,—I yesterday received from Cobourg the reply to your letter. Major Szymborski writes me that the Duke has not changed his first resolution; that is to say, he will remit you 1000 francs per annum, by way of pension, and that he will take care, by grace and good will, of the education of a child which he has never recognized as his.*

I am extremely pained that I cannot longer become a negotiator in this affair, for I am informed that the Duke will not have me concern myself in the business, without being sanctioned by his orders.

I have the honour to be, with every sentiment of consideration, Madame, your very humble and obedient servant,

(Signed) VERLOHREN.

No. 3.

Fichler to Pauline.

November, 1813.

MADAME,—I am commissioned to address you, in order to state that circumstances alone have for the moment prevented my seeing you; I flatter myself that I shall to-morrow be so happy as to say in person how much I am, Madame, your very zealous servant,

FICHLER.

No. 4.

His Serene Highness to Pauline.

December, 1813.

My sisters wish to see little Ernest,† but they have only

* In order to prove the infamy of this untruth, consult the numerous letters wherein the Duke speaks of his *dear little one*, of *our beautiful angel*, &c. &c.

† Evidently a stratagem to take away my boy. He was not the

a few minutes to spare; if you could either send or bring him yourself I should be much gratified. You had better let him enter by my bed-chamberdoor; pray suffer the child be forwarded immediately.

No. 5.

Fichler to Pauline.

December, 1813.

MADAME,—I have the honour to announce that it is the intention of his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Constantine to pay you a visit, accompanied by the Duke of Cobourg, who will present themselves about six o'clock. I shall in person wait upon you to-morrow, in order to lay before you the plan of the intended pension.

Your devoted servant,

FICHLER.

No. 6.

Pauline to her Mother.

Vienna, 12th January, 1814.

O! MY mother! what ought I to infer from your procrastinated silence; to what disquietudes does it not subject me! O! my mother! my kind parent, from how many dangers has your unfortunate child escaped.....I advise you to continue at Frankfort, for I do not think I shall long remain here, where lodgings are with difficulty to be procured. I have already been for twelve days at the inn, without finding an opportunity of changing my situation.*

Duke's child according to the infamous Fichler, and yet for the purpose of carrying him off no ruse was left untried.—AL. P.

* This letter was written after the horrible affair of the precipice. —AL. P.

I am in expectation of finding an asylum with a widow lady, who keeps a seminary for females.

I should have instantly set forward to rejoin you, did not the dreadful frost that has now set in prevent me; the poor child could not have supported its rigours; added to this, we must have spent six days and nights in the diligence, in proceeding only to Ratisbon. You may imagine I cannot expose the poor dear little angel to such fatigues; it is on this account, my beloved mother, that I supplicate you in mercy to continue patient until the close of February, when I shall set forward to meet you, and part no more.

There is nothing but yourself and my child that could enable me to support the weight of existence, which has been rendered so terrible.... I again repeat it, be very cautious in respect to what you eat. I have many reasons for giving this advice, which I cannot explain by letter; too much prudence cannot be resorted to. Alas! I had nearly been the victim of these monsters.

Do not grow weary, best of mothers; would to heaven I had never undertaken this wretched journey. I am saved. May God protect you in future. I have not received as yet any part of my pension. Conceive to yourself that when I was in his power, he stated that he had no assets to remit me, neither had he received any commands from the Duke. You see how I am uniformly deceived; and yet to hear them it would appear that I was constantly in fault. Write to me instantly; I die with ennui upon your account! Adieu, dear mother; your children send you their tenderest embraces.

No. 7.

Pauline to her Mother.

Vienna, 13th January, 1814.

MY DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—On carrying my letter to the post-office, I found one from you, which has afforded me heart-felt pleasure. Did I not fear the effect of the cold, I would request you to come here, as I need your tender con-

solations; but, in such case, I supplicate of you not to take any other road than that I shall indicate; you will go a little out of the way, but never mind that, when your health is at stake.•••••• Leave Frankfort for Ratisbon, and proceed thence to Vienna. I have very cogent reasons for entreating you will adopt no other route. Journey by the diligence, it is the safest conveyance. In God's name, I implore you act as I dictate; and above all take no other road.

I cannot remit you money; my pension still continues unpaid; as to the pompous letter of recommendation given me by the Duke, it was good for nothing.* I greatly suffer, on considering the embarrassments attending my situation: I know not how to act, or what will become of me.

When you set off, adopt every precaution respecting your passport; for they are particularly strict here. Put up at *the Roman Emperor;* I will leave my address at that inn; in short, my dear parent, we will arrange matters as well as possible. The beloved Ernest enjoys very good health; I am moped to death in this city; where the manners appear to me none of the best. Adieu, dear mother; take heed of yourself; dreadful experience impels me to speak; you cannot, in short, be too guarded. Yet how will you accomplish your journey? Ah! the moment I procure a supply of money you shall hear from me.

Adieu. I tenderly embrace you. Present a thousand kind remembrances to the good Abbé Inquart.

P.S. Do not think of setting forward; for I have hopes of quitting this place very speedily.†

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* See, in the course of the Memoirs, what infamous artifice was connected with this letter of recommendation, which was nothing more than a pretext and a falsehood.—Al. P.

† These letters, of which I have the originals, appear to me incontestable proofs; since they all clearly evince a young girl void of experience, and the infamous agents by whom she was environed. —Al. P.

No. 8.

Madame Lingis to Adelaide.

Augsbourg, 14th January, 1814.

I AM extremely unhappy, my dear Adelaide, at not finding you here. You had written, to state that you would await my coming; I could not think otherwise, unless some misfortune has overtaken you; for the post-mark of your letter intimates you was at Craislhem; consequently, you ought to have been here long before me. I wish I knew for a certainty that nothing disagreeable had happened to you; and that you had only determined to continue your journey by Ratisbon, in lieu of passing Augsbourg, where I was to find you.

This leads me to address you at Vienna, though uncertain whether my letter will gain you. Will it, I wonder, enter your head to apply at the post-office? I wrote at Dresden, which place I left on the 2d of January, in order that any letters directed to me might be remitted hither. But, my dear Adelaide, your letter caused me so much agony, that from the moment it came to hand I left every thing, in order to join you. I performed the route from Dresden hither with 100 thalers. If Heaven wills that you receive my letter, there is no need of requesting you to write off on the instant; you can form no idea of the sufferings I experience, uncertain as I am respecting your destiny; the most sinister ideas come across my mind; I apprehend the greatest dangers.....And what ought *I* to think? Ah! how I tremble at the results of that horrid fall into the precipice! it is that perhaps which has impeded your journey. Here, however, I shall remain, until I receive some news, and learn for a certainty where I can find you.

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* I had written to my sister, requesting her to leave Augsbourg, and abandon every thing. My letter, confided to one of Fichler's domestics, was written in a mysterious style.

No. 9.

Mademoiselle Aubert to Pauline.

Bertinheim, January 31, 1814.

MADAME,—I received, in due time, your two letters, which afforded me much pleasure: no accident like that attending your first journey. I trust you will be fortunate enough to receive compensation for the sufferings that have awaited you in this country. Mr. and Mrs. Dugard, equally with myself, have been truly sensible of the grateful sentiments you testify. Our only regret was, not having had it in our powers to be of greater utility; rest assured of our good will towards you. I conclude with assurances of the most distinguished consideration with which I have the honour to be, Madame, your very humble and obedient servant,

AUBERT.*

No. 10.

The Duke of Cobourg to Pauline.

Oppenheim, before Mayence, March 8, 1814.

At length, I have this day received the first letter from you, whereby I know where you are to be found. As you almost uniformly forget to date your epistles, and insert the name of the places from whence they are written, it is difficult to answer them; it is owing to this all my communications have miscarried.† I sent merely by chance, ad-

* I met Mademoiselle Aubert, a French lady, during that portentous journey, in which I was subjected to the numerous attempts from poison, &c.—AL. P.

† Dear Prince! who, after seeking to procure my death by poison, complains of the distracted state of my ideas, in not affixing proper dates, &c. to my letters.

dressed to the banker, to whom I had given you an introduction, but there you had not been. I perceive, with infinite pain, that you have once more laboured under very great embarrassments; I am sorry, but permit me to inform you that it is all your own fault; wherefore do you not apply to those persons whom I notified as being ordered to liquidate your pension?* It seems to me that your brain is bewildered. I very recently got a letter of yours; remitted God knows from whence!† I opened the packet, and found the epistle addressed to me while its contents were intended for your mother: from that letter I learned that your parent was on her road to Vienna; a step I was wholly unacquainted with. I knew not what imprudence you might have committed, to be thus without resources, and wrote in consequence. At the same time, I addressed my agent, Baron Blummenbourg, to whom I had previously recommended you, that he might amuse you at Vienna, and pay your pension; but not being able to indicate your residence his endeavours to find you were, no doubt, unsuccessful;‡ and thus my letters did not gain you. I have to request you will become more thoughtful; it is high time; you know not the pain your silence caused me; you are perfectly aware I hold the hostage committed to your charge, and which I shall reclaim; remember all you have promised me. I address you to my agent, M. de Blummenbourg, who will look to the payment of your money; at the same time, I have recommended you personally to his

* See the Memoirs, wherein the whole of this fraudulent proceeding is described. Pretended letters of recommendation were given me for persons wholly unacquainted with the Duke's affairs, and who, on opening them, found nothing but unintelligible phrases.—AL. P.

† The Prince knew full well from *whence*. It was from the spot where I was to have been assassinated *by his orders*.—AL. P.

‡ A long string of falsehoods artfully connected together, through which, however, the Prince's embarrassment must be obvious to every capacity.—AL. P.

notice. You will easily ascertain his residence at the post-office. But, if he sees you, pray call to mind, that he is acquainted with you under no other title than that of Madame Alexandre, widow of an officer of Saxony, to whom he is commissioned to pay a pension, having, as before said, no other knowledge whatsoever as regards you. I am here before Mayence, charged with the blockade of that city, where we are dying with cold and *ennui*.

Once more I request you will conduct yourself in a discreet and reasonable manner, should the term *respectable* displease you, and request you to have every care of the dear little one.*

No. 11.

Monsieur Hagen to Pauline.

Vienna, 2d April, 1814.

MADAME,—No obstacle presents itself to your continuing a resident of this city, with your mother and your sister, and I have given directions accordingly. I shall be happy to find that you are contented with our habits, and that the *interior* of your household is subjected to no inconvenience. I remain, Madame, &c. &c. &c.

HAGEN, Minister of the Police.†

No. 12.

Comte de Trogoff to Pauline.

Paris, the 30th May, 1814.

I DID not answer your letter, amiable lady, so speedily

* A very remarkable communication on the score of the deception, artifice, and the obviously bewildered stile of its contents. The crime had been attempted, but failed in the execution.—AL. P.

† According to the advice of M. L***** I gave in my declaration to Baron Hagen: the above was his reply.—AL. P.

as I had intended, being anxious to give you details. I have spoken to some of the personages* whom you know and feel interested in your welfare: their reply was extremely cold. This note will be delivered to you by Prince Louis de Rohan, in whom you may confide; you will find him as obliging as he is forward in doing good. You will, however, soon meet, at Vienna, the personage on whom you have claims. Adieu! If you should come to Paris depend upon my services, they will be as faithfully performed as when at Frankfort, and perhaps of more utility.

LE COMTE DE TROGOFF.

No. 13.

Prince de Ligne to Pauline.†

Vienna, 2d August, 1814.

LOVELY Pauline, from what I can understand, from what I feel, and from what I see, adorable Pauline, remit me, if you think fit, your letter for Trogoff. Although the word farewell for a few days may be painful to your mind, I must, nevertheless, call this morning and pronounce it, but with every mark of tenderness, as should uniformly prove the case when we are acquainted with one of the sweetest women in the world.

Without the most distant idea of finding you, I last night visited the ramparts at the conclusion of the ballet.

It seems to me as if I had still the wish to repeat how much I love you.

One of my suite sets forward this day for Paris.

LIGNE.

* The Comte had merely spoken to the Duke of Cobourg.

† This venerable nobleman, as respectable as well-informed, treated me in the light of a daughter, nor was there any proof of friendship and kindness he did not display, in order to soften the wretchedness of my position.—AL. P.

No. 14.

Prince de Ligne to Pauline.

August 28th, 1814.

I RATHER presented myself on account of the most beautiful among beauties than for the sake of the ballet; but I shall return at ten o'clock. Can I see the adorable Pauline at nine in the morning?

Good day, thou dear to me. LIGNE.

No. 15.

The same to the same.

I SEALED up your letter expeditiously, dear and adorable Madame Alexandre! not dear Pauline, and it will go off in a few hours hence. If you wish to see my mountain, and the being who is going to think of you, pronounce the word; or make your wishes known to the bearer of the present (his name is Joseph), when you desire to have a carriage sent; it takes an hour to gain the foot of the mountain, and if the driver cannot ascend the steep, half an hour for you. Good day, my daughter, my mother, my niece, my every thing.*

LIGNE.

No. 16.

Comte de Trogoff to Pauline.

Paris, 27th August, 1814.

AMIABLE, lovely, and adorable lady, I have received your letters, which afforded me the liveliest satisfaction. Your tutelar angel† will deliver this billet: listen to him,

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* This tender friendship of the good Prince de Ligne, a feeling that was manifested to the hour of his death, is one of the most gratifying recollections, and even affords me consolation in the midst of the most poignant sorrow.

† Marshal de Ligne.

his advice is the best guide I can wish you. I have commissioned a person to ascertain whether your brother still exists, and what I learn shall be immediately communicated to you. Write to me, giving a detail of your plans; and rely upon my warmest friendship and devotion.

LE COMTE DE TROGOFF,
Aide-de-Camp of H. S. H. the Comte d'Artois.

No. 17.

Prince de Ligne to Pauline.

ARE you aware, my dear Pauline, that the Duke is arrived, much handsomer than ever, and better disposed towards you? I am certain he will be affected at your destiny, as soon as he looks upon his pretty little likeness. I shall complain to him of your prudence, and of Madame Argus, and console myself by stating that the same amity you display towards me is the lot of all your admirers. I continued three days at my mountain, and yesterday I was at Court from nine in the morning.

Your principles and your staircase prevent my waiting upon you to-day, my dear Pauline; for I repose alike removed from both on my good feather-bed. Pray acquaint me where M. Blummenbourg resides; is not that the name of your agent at Cobourg? I will personally wait upon this amiable and superb Duke, who shall take care of his son, and who, on beholding his lovely mother, more beautiful than ever, and unhappily for us too virtuous, shall ensure her a fortunate destiny. I will avenge myself of your principles upon Madame Argus: she shall tremble at midnight one of these days!

Good day, dear and adorable!

LIGNE.

No. 18.

The same to the same.

It is charming to be an angel, in goodness, beauty, amiability, and, unfortunately for us, in principles. But the angels reside so high, that, after spending a whole day on six, seven, and eight flights of stairs, it is impossible to ascend the ninth to those celestial beings. Angels do not stand in need of tickets to enter Paradise, but they perform concerts, and yet never enter there.

Two *demi*-angels,* who did not possess your infernal angelic virtue (only once discomposed during your life by a Duke, an angel also), alike requested tickets; I have played the very devil for these angels, but there were none to be had.

If I can procure them for to-morrow's repetition, dear angel, I will send you some. I embrace the little angel, so like the great one, at once good and handsome, who shall be the guardian angel of the angel-mother and the angel-son; and with regard to the amiable sister, whose eyes are diabolically provincial, she shall receive no more quarter; for, as soon as I have not so many stairs to ascend, I will climb up yours to proceed direct to her heart: let her tremble! and you, dear Pauline, in yielding up the first rank to the angel who deserves it, let me be second in your love.

LIGNE.

No. 19.

The Duke of Cobourg to Pauline.

I SEND you a pair of diamond ear-rings. I trust they will evince my taste and please you, while recalling me to your remembrance.

* The Duke of Cobourg and Prince Leopold, his brother.

No. 20.

Comtesse de Biland to Madame Alexandre.

MADAME,—Having remarked that your inkstand is rather incommodious, I take the liberty of offering one for your acceptance; however plain it may be, it will recal to your mind an occasion which you anxiously seized to perform a kind and good action; the obligation, therefore, which is due, I shall be happy on a similar occasion to requite, by proving my zeal in doing you a service. I know, through the medium of the General himself, that his Serene Highness the Duke of Cobourg had the goodness to write in favour of my son; it would be gratifying to me for the Prince to learn how grateful I feel towards him, at the same time entreating him to strike the nail while it is hot. I shall to-morrow present my son's letter to Langenau. As he must make use of that document, whereby he seeks to be placed under General Stab,* it would be of utility, at a future period, if the Duke would recall the circumstance to the recollection of Langenau.

The news received from Paris is enough to make me hang myself; how corrupted is that nation become! It is a great pity.

Farewell, my dear; present my compliments to your sister, and continue to love your friend,

COMTESSE BILAND.

No. 21.

The same to Madame Alexandre.

THERE is no joking in the case, I speak seriously; the

* A General of the Staff.

princess* in question has 50,000 florins annually, and is at liberty to dispose of her capital. If the prince in question is prudent, he will not hesitate; the merits of the princess and her angelic goodness are in themselves a still greater fortune; but men know not how to appreciate the *riches* of the soul, the heart, and the mind; they consider nothing but pecuniary advantages and a pretty mask; the mask in question is not that of exquisite beauty, but agreeable; a countenance lighted up by good sense, and a beauty that elevates the soul can never rank as ugly: in fine, if the Prince is wise, he ought to know that it will be an excellent match for him. This princess is of one of the reigning houses; so that, even in a political point of view, there can be no obstacle. Through the influence of his family connexions the small boundaries of his territory might be greatly enlarged. You must speak seriously to him on this subject; your well-being equally depends upon it; conceive for a moment were he to espouse a peevish woman, or one without sense, what awaits you:—beasts are to be dreaded because they serve as instruments for the wicked.

My dear Alexandre, bear in your mind Laugenau; my friendship or hatred depend upon that business; let us now see whether you appreciate the one as it merits or despise the other sufficiently to hold it in derision: but, to be serious, pray act; if time is accorded to Langenau he will do nothing.

No. 22.

The Duke of Cobourg to Pauline.

I SHOULD have this day called upou you but am retained at home owing to a pain in the loins that still attacks me;

* This was relating to a marriage between Princess S*** and the Duke of Cobourg, in which affair Madame Biland particularly interested herself.—EDIT. P.

added to which various other affairs press upon me; I shall, in consequence, put off my reply to your several demands to another opportunity, but as speedily as possible.

THE DUKE.

No. 23.

Baron de Hagen, Minister of the Police,

Vienna, 16th October, 1814.

MADAME,—I shall be charmed to receive you at my office to-morrow, the 17th, or Friday, the 19th, between half-past two and four o'clock. I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

HAGEN.

No. 24.

The Duke to Pauline.

I SEND you tickets for the ball, though in my heart I do not wish you to attend, because it is not good for you. Business prevents my seeing you; I therefore postpone that pleasure until to-morrow. I shall probably follow your advice, and keep away from the masked ball, that my presence may not put any constraint upon your actions.

No. 25.

The same to the same.

Vienna, 28th May, 1815.

UNEXPECTED news compels me to set out sooner than I calculated. I shall quit Vienna before break of day; and must therefore bid you adieu by the present letter; my vows being most sincere for the welfare of yourself and family. Do not yield to chagrin; and, in order to repel it, conduct yourself prudently and with good sense; call

to mind the little means that are at your disposal; study *economy* more than you are by nature inclined to do; economy is no shame at the present day.

Take special care of the little one; let him be well taught, and neither spoiled by indulgence nor too much impatience. I have ordered M. de Blummenbourg to procure the requisite masters; you will arrange matters with him. His instructors must give him a lesson each per day in *French, reading, writing,* and *accounts;* there must also be a master for the *German.* In the course of the lessons, he will receive *religious* tuition, while others may be the more gratifying instruction of *music* and *dancing.* I have deputed M. de Blummenbourg to visit you once a week, to ascertain whether the several lessons are regularly attended to, and the child has been diligent, all which he will make known to me. I confide in your good sense and maternal love, for your neglecting nothing in the accomplishment of my desires.

Adieu. Health attend you, and may God take you under his protection.*

THE DUKE.

No. 26.

*M. L**** to Madame Alexandre.*

Mayence, 16*th May,* 1815.

MY DEAR LADY,—There is an appearance of ingratitude in the manner of my abandoning my friends of either sex, without giving them timely notice of my intention; I act thus from experience, and thereby ease the weight of my heart. You must allow there is nothing so painful as a farewell visit, particularly when it is the forerunner of an

* It was immediately after so piously and so prudently recommending me to superintend my boy's education, that the Prince suddenly took away my pension, on which I solely relied for support.—AL. P.

indeterminate absence. It is to these considerations you must attribute the constraint that was apparent during my last visit to your family. The pain you experienced was a proof of your feeling heart and friendly attachment. I am not indifferent on this subject; and you are already paid in advance by the sincere interest I have felt, since the commencement of our acquaintance, by my friendship and my attachment.

I never should oppose a wife being the keeper of her own ear-rings;* I am surprised at the conduct in question; my interference was of no utility; but, since you are not unwilling I should rank as something, well then! let me acquaint you, that I directed L*** to give you the 100 florins, of which you stood in need; too happy, my dear Lady, in finding an occasion to testify the pleasure I feel in obliging; above all, when the object was so good a mother as yourself. I think the Duke does not make this remark often enough; he is the more to be blamed, as he knows you better than I can; and that he has honourable obligations to perform, which he must ultimately feel; but circumstances, then, will no longer be the same.†

Assure your dear parents, that I am fully sensible of their gracious remembrances as of your own; thank them, I entreat you, and express my sentiments of warmest esteem. I embrace Ernest most cordially; and, in regard to yourself, you know the affectionate devotion of your very humble and obedient servant.

L****.

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* Such was the *prodigality* of his Serene Highness the Duke of Cobourg, and so poignant was the pity our wants inspired, that, in order to live, I was compelled to raise money on my ear-rings, which I placed for that purpose in the hands of a M. L****.

† He was anxious, in order to procure a settlement for my son, that I should not consult the Duke's feelings, but take advantage of the Congress assembled at Vienna, and by placing the Prince's conduct before the Allied Sovereigns at once avenge myself and ruin him who had effected my downfal.—AL. P.

No. 27.

Invitation.

MADAME ALEXANDRE is requested to present herself, on Wednesday next, the 23d of October, by eleven o'clock in the morning, at the Palace of the Director-General of the Police, and to announce herself to the undersigned.

NOBLE* DE HOPFEN, Imperial Counsellor.

Vienna, October 23, 1816.

No. 28.

Note of Comte de Caraman.

COMTE DE CARAMAN causes it be signified to Madame Alexandre, that he neither can or will interfere in any thing connected with her; he, therefore, requests she will no longer trouble herself by soliciting his interest, and importuning him on the subject of her affairs.†

No. 29.

Letter of Diffenbach.

Vienna, August 22, 1817.

THE Agent Diffenbach has liquidated all the demands

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* This Imperial Counsellor, newly ennobled, who annexed to his family name the beautiful epithet of "NOBLE DE," caused me to be thus summoned to the Police, in order to compel me to resign over my son to the agents of the Duke.

† Comte de Caraman, after having protected, abandoned me to all the fury of my enemies: he had commiserated me, and had stated, to use his own words,—"*Madame Alexandre, the enemies with whom you have to cope are by far too cruel and too powerful. It is not in my power to assist you.*" He had the goodness to aid me with his purse, but not the courage to stand forward in defence of a countrywoman. —AL. P.

which Janny had against Madame Alexandre; the receipts are in his hands, and he feels it requisite to convince her, that the high French Embassy accords her its protection. He will do himself the honour of presenting his respects to Madame Alexandre in a few days, to arrange with her as to the ulterior measures necessary to be adopted on this head.

DIFFENBACH.

No. 30.

*Comte de Metternich to Pauline.**

IT is impossible for me any longer to withhold the transmittal of a decision to the Duke of Cobourg on the affairs that concern you. My own delicacy makes this a law; I ought, consequently, to be rendered fully acquainted with the nature of your desires, and what line of conduct I am to adopt.

Have the goodness, therefore, between this and to-morrow, to forward a positive answer, in respect to your intended plans. If you agree to the propositions which are made to you, you must sign the contract; and if you are determined not to coincide, and to sacrifice the future welfare of your child, you are mistress of your own actions. But no intervention can take place but in an honourable arrangement, conformable with common sense; by this I mean to state, that I agree to no negative decision, as all interference will, in that case, be at an end.

I request you will make known to me your definite answer to-morrow, before six o'clock in the evening, in order that I may write to the Duke by the post of that day.

(Signed) METTERNICH,
this 5th day of May, 1818.

* See, in the Elucidations, the cause, recital, and result of my interviews with M. de Metternich.—AL. P.

No. 31.

M. Javon to Madame Alexandre.*

December 26, 1819.

You came to an arrangement, Madame, at the interview of the 24th of this month, in presence of your sister, by which you agreed to accept a new *rendezvous*, accompanied by a counsellor to confer with the one, whom I shall summons, in regard to the documents of which you have spoken, as well as those remitted to me from Germany.

I hope this meeting may take place to-morrow, between one and two; otherwise I shall, in all probability, be under the necessity of postponing it until Monday, the 3d of January.

In case you should not yet have made election of your counsel, we might, nevertheless, have a preliminary consultation to-morrow. Should the bearer of my letter not find you, I would thank you to remit me a reply, that I may not lose my time in useless attendance. I am, Madame, &c.

JAVON.

No. 32.†

The same to the same.

Paris, 29th December, 1819.

By a letter, dated the 26th, I announced, Madame, that, if the meeting did not take place the following day, I should be compelled to defer it until Monday next. I cannot be present at that which you name for this day by your answer

* Agent of the Court of Cobourg at Paris. He uniformly maintained the interests of his master with a devotion and subtlety well worthy of those who accorded him their confidence.—AL. P.

† This letter constitutes a part of the suite of negotiations entered into with Javon.—AL. P.

of yesterday. My letter was remitted by my domestic at the hotel of Madame Lingis, who requested it might be delivered the same day.

Independent of this, the meeting cannot take place but at my residence, because, in consequence of my instructions, I must name a counsellor who resides near me, and who would otherwise be deranged from his ordinary routine.

I renew the offer of receiving you on Monday, between the hours of one and two, in presence of Madame Lingis, or any other person you may think fit to appoint.

I am, &c.

JAVON.

No. 33.

M. Javon to Comte de Trogoff, Aide-de-Camp of Monsieur the Comte d'Artois.

Paris, 30th March, 1820.

MONSIEUR LE COMTE,—I had the honour to make known to you, by my letter of the 13th, the motives that prevented me from taking upon myself any thing relative to Madame Alexandre, and which compelled me to wait an answer from Cobourg. My letter addressed to M. le Colonel de Szymborski, is dated the 10th. Had I been authorized to make an advance upon any plea whatsoever, I might have received instructions during the last three days. This delay prompts me to conjecture, Sir, that Madame Alexandre's refusal to sign the conditions,* contained in the letter communicated to you, occasions a difficulty no way dependent on me.

The time required to receive an answer, which might come to hand from hour to hour, particularly if favourable, having transpired, I shall strictly abide by such reply. The

* I request the reader to call to mind that the sole condition alluded to in this letter and the following, was the abandonment of my child to the hands of his executioners.

tone and the menaces of Madame Alexandre, at the last conference, exact upon my part the greatest prudence in my plan of proceeding. I am, &c.

JAVON.

No. 34.

M. Javon to Madame Alexandre.

Paris, 9th May, 1820.

MADAME,—I request that you will procure me, between this and to-morrow three o'clock, if it be possible, 1st, a copy of the Memoir of which you yesterday spoke, stating that it was written some time back; 2dly, a narrative of what you mentioned in regard to Vienna, and the arrangement stated by you to have taken place in that city, the purport of which was, the settling upon you a sum of 20,000 francs, payable by instalments, independent of a pension; and lastly, a detail of the property sold by your family.*

We wish to examine immediately all those documents, in order to see if it is essential to allude to them in the intended correspondence. I have the honour, &c.

JAVON.

No. 35.

The same to the same.

Paris, 22d August, 1820.

MADAME,—M. Sauvage has detailed the nature of your conversation of Thursday last; during which you said, according to his statement, that in three or four days a new announcement would be inserted in the daily papers.

It is necessary for me to acquaint you, that, in conse-

* To supply our exigences, we were compelled to dispose of the property alluded to, which was situated near Montpellier.

quence of such precipitancy, you may irretrievably forfeit all the advantages of a reasonable adjustment.

From the pretensions you have set forward at a recent conference, I immediately wrote off to Germany and England to procure the most decisive instructions.

On the one hand, I have only received an inconclusive provisionary reply, which will be followed by a second; and, on the other, nothing has yet arrived. Under these circumstances, I can do nothing but through the mediation of the Duke de Richelieu, according to our arrangement of the 4th of this month.

If you agree to this proposal I am fully authorized to treat, and it is feasible, under every consideration; nothing remains but to come to a proper understanding as regards the deposing of our several documents. If on the contrary you persist in making yourself public, in putting forward those statements you think yourself entitled to make, you will speedily find whether you would not have had greater interest, as well in regard to yourself as your son, in adopting a mode of conduct laid down by persons imbued with prudence and in whose opinions you often placed the greatest reliance.

Rest assured that in case I receive from one post to another an order to remit you money, unconditionally, upon the amount you demand, I shall accede with the greatest alacrity and pleasure.

I hope, Madame, you will be guided by cool reflection; but I apprize you expressly beforehand, that, from the nature of my instructions, if the least hostility is manifested upon your part, you may consider the negotiation as terminated, and the generous offers* of my employers revoked for ever, owing to your conduct and the unaccountable change that has taken place since the first of this month, at which

* Generous offers! What was the liberality of those beings who wished to make me barter for my son, and who offered me bread if I would agree to give up his blood in exchange.—AL. P.

period you received from me 600 francs, accompanied by a verbal promise that you would await the proposed arbitration and the proceedings of the 4th, when I was commissioned to make you another advance. I beg, Madame, &c. &c. &c.

JAVON.

Being called upon by M. Javon, I hereby state I coincide with him respecting the present declaration, agreed to by virtue of the measures pursued while I officiated for him during his illness, with the persons whom the present concerns.

(Signed) SAUVAGE.

No. 36.

Compromise.

Paris, the 25th August, 1820.

THE undersigned, M. Javon, Counsellor of Legation, *Chargé d'Affaires* of his Serene Highness the reigning Duke of Saxe Cobourg, charged with the following act on the one part; and Madame Adelaïde Henriette Alexandre, residing at Paris, No. 44, Rue Chantereine, of the other part; have come to the following arrangement:—

To conclude the difficulties existing between his Serene Highness and Madame Alexandre, and definitively to terminate the pretensions of that lady in respect to her demands, M. Javon and Madame Alexandre request his Excellency the Duke de Richelieu to become sovereign arbitrator, pledging themselves in honour to abide by his decision, without any other appeal or recourse whatsoever, and without any necessity or formality of deposit, ordinance of *exequatur*, or any other, under pain, on the part of Madame Alexandre, of renouncing her rights and pretensions of every description, and on the part of M. Javon, to pay the sum of 12,000 francs, as an indemnity; for the non-execution of these presents, either by delays that might result, and in

case of non-execution, as above stated, she might claim her rights and pretensions and act as to her should seem fitting.

M. Javon and Madame Alexandre with the least delay possible engage to deposite in the hands of the Duke de Richelieu all the documents and papers which may enable him to comprehend and decide upon the matter in dispute.

And in case the Duke de Richelieu should not find it convenient to undertake of himself the decision, it is on either side requested that he would nominate some one whose fiat should be equally decisive with his own, subject to the same conditions. It is also agreed that until such arrangement be made, whether arising from the Duke de Richelieu or the person named by him, Madame Alexandre will print nothing in the journals or public papers, and that she will neither cause to be printed or published any memoirs, under the penalty of all expenses, damages, and interests. Nevertheless, in case no decision be given, in one month from the date hereof, the parties shall enter into their just rights, having power to exert them as they may judge fitting.

Executed double at Paris, this 25th August, 1820. Witness the above writing as perfect and correct.*

(Signed) JAVON.
(Signed) A. H. ALEXANDRE.

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* I signed this document, being a mother, and under the most pressing exigences. The payment of one hundred Louis was the condition of my accepting this arbitration. They were placed on the table. Scarcely, however, had I affixed my signature, when, by a *ruse* hardly to be credited, Javon conveyed away the money, and openly derided the confidence with which I had yielded to the snare laid to betray me. Indignant at this conduct, I gave vent to my feelings, insisting that the paper should be given up, as my signature had been acquired by fraud. This scene lasted from nine in the morning until four in the evening. I applaud myself for the courage with which I persisted, and threatened M. Javon to have recourse to legal authorities, and seek for justice against such atrocious perfidy. He was intimidated; sent for M. Colbert, his solicitor, and had a

No. 37.

Note from the Duke de Richelieu.

September 1, 1820.

THE Duke de Richelieu requests Madame Alexandre will call upon him to-morrow, between the hours of eleven and twelve.

No. 38.

M. de Blaire to Madame Alexandre.*

Monday Morning, September 11, 1820.

MADAME ALEXANDRE was to have delivered her papers yesterday to Monsieur de Blaire, at two o'clock, as agreed with him on Tuesday last; M. de Blaire, however, waited in vain, as Madame Alexandre did not present herself; he will be ready to receive her this day, at the same hour, if she will take the trouble of calling; it becomes her interest to furnish the means of defence, if she does not wish judgement to be pronounced without offering to defend herself.† If the papers are in the hands of counsel, and their absence prevents a delivery of those documents, it is essential that Madame Alexandre should require and obtain a delay.

BLAIRE.

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long secret conference with him. The result of this consultation and my firmness was the payment of the sum so solemnly promised, but which, in their dark policy, was only to have been instrumental in effecting the delivery of my son into the hands of his indefatigable persecutors.—AL. P.

* The person was nominated by the Duke to procure from me my papers.

† This skilful mode of endeavouring to get possession of my papers, for the purpose of perusing them, was, notwithstanding, the artifice resorted to, but a very shallow expedient.

No. 39.

The same to the same.

Saturday Morning, September 16, 1820.

MADAME ALEXANDRE has not yet remitted her papers to M. de Blaire,* nor has she yet forwarded her letter, demanding the delay of fifteen days, three weeks, or a month; in short, any period she may deem requisite in order, for a certainty, to be in possession of her documents, and yet the delay, fixed by the compromise, expired the 24th of this month. If the decree is passed, there will be no possibility of procuring further time.

M. de Blaire will be in Paris on Monday morning, and will remain at home from half-past two o'clock until four, when Madame Alexandre may bring her papers, or her letters, for the Duke de Richelieu. He will do himself the honour of receiving her.

DE BLAIRE.

No. 40.

The Duke de Richelieu to Madame Alexandre.†

Paris, March 9, 1821.

I HAVE received the two letters, Madame, forwarded by you, for the purpose of depicting the melancholy situation

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* It is apparent how much persevering activity was resorted to in order to compass the depositing of my papers which was the leading object with the Court of Cobourg. I was not permitted a minute's repose. I still continue to preserve them, and it is vain that daily attempts are made to get them from me.—AL. P.

† Ernest was upon a death-bed. I sent to make the Duke de Richelieu acquainted with the circumstance, enclosing a certificate of the physician to that effect. To this I received the above reply. It is to the humanity of M. Lagneau alone I am indebted for the preservation of the life of my unfortunate child.—AL. P.

to which you are reduced; I thought it necessary to make M. Javon acquainted with their contents, in order that he might consider what steps should be taken under existing circumstances.

M. Javon has just written in reply, stating, that he can do nothing but recall to your mind that it solely depends upon yourself to become extricated from your deporable position, by giving up your son, when he would be under the Prince's protection, enjoy every advantage of education, and you would receive the allowance offered.

I herewith remit you pledges for goods, whereon you have raised money, and which you enclosed to me.

Receive, Madame, the assurances of my perfect consideration.

(Signed) RICHELIEU.

No. 41.

Javon to M. De la Ville.

Paris, July 16, 1821.

SIR,—I received your letters of the 12th and 17th of this month, and the account of every thing that regards Madame Alexandre Belmont. My occupations in the country, on private affairs, together with my functions as Mayor,* (which post I have recently occupied, after an interview with the Prefect of Seine, and Oise, and the Sub-Prefect of Pontoise,) prevented my reply to the first, which would have spared you the trouble of sending the second, &c. &c.

* I will not request the reader to notice the majestic dignity that characterises the beginning of this epistle of the newly installed mayor, and will only touch lightly on the ridicule which the mention of *Seine, Oise,* and *Pontoise,* cast upon this transaction. The real intention of this letter should be considered, which terminates by an offer of 300 francs, (£12,) a very inadequate sum, and which was never paid. —AL. P.

No. 42.

The Chevalier De la Ville, Secretary of the Duke de Richelieu to Madame Alexandre.

July 10, 1821.

At the very moment your letter came to hand, Madame, the Duke de Richelieu also received M. Javon's reply, which I take the earliest opportunity of remitting.

M. Javon states, that since the interventions of the Duke de Richelieu, M. Vincent, the Austrian Ambassador, and M. de Blaire have failed; he has determined to give up all further interference in the business. Nevertheless, as your son is ill, he is willing to place at the disposition of any person the Duke de Richelieu shall nominate, the sum of 300 francs,* from his own purse, to be paid over to the physician himself, and such persons as shall have made advances during the illness of your son.

No. 43.

To Messrs. H. Stametz and Co. at Vienna.

Frankfort on the Maine, 12*th December*, 1813.

We take the liberty of particularly recommending to your notice Madame Alexandre, bearer of the present, and we request you will deliver up to her the trunk, which shall be forwarded by the next conveyance. We will give you further details in another letter; pray oblige us in this instance, and rely on the devotion and perfect consideration of the undersigned.

Gebhard & Hauk.

* Which, as I have before stated, were never received. Ernest was dying; M. Lagnean signed a certificate, attesting the extreme danger of the patient, and yet all human aid was refused.—Al. P.

No. 44.

Chevalier de la Ville to Madame Alexandre.

HOWEVER anxious I may feel, Madame, to be of utility, I do not see how I can do any thing to relieve you from existing difficulties. I sent M. Javon your doctor's bill, and it is possible he may at once liquidate the same: at least I have received no news whatever. You may apply to the physician to ascertain what may have transpired. I beg further to remark, that M. Javon having promised 300 francs, on condition that the person named by the Duke should discharge the bills, whether to the doctor or the apothecary; on receipt of that sum, should he remit the amount, I could not relinquish it until put in possession of the receipts of those who attended upon your child, or furnished him the necessary medicines.

Receive, Madame, the assurance, &c.

CHEV. DE LA VILLE.

No. 45.

The same to the same.

MAY I request, Madame, that you will remit to the Duke the bills, awaiting the receipt of the sum in question; if you comply with M. Javon's proposition, we will then make application for the 300, francs which he promises to disburse. Receive, Madame, &c.

CHEV. DE LA VILLE.

No. 46.

The same to the same.

I HAVE just received, Madame, the accompanying answer to the two letters sent to M. Javon concerning your affairs. You will perceive that while renewing his promise of the advance of 300 francs to defray the bills accrued by your

son's illness, he does not find that the major part of the items charged in these accounts can have reference to that malady. As to the other observations made in his letter, as I have no right to interfere, I abstain from any reflection on those subjects.

Receive, Madame, &c.*

DE LA VILLE.

No. 47.

Madame Alexandre to the Duke of Cobourg.

IT is to you I owe all the misfortunes of my life; after subjecting me to dishonour, you abandoned me to misery; were I the only victim of such cruel neglect, I would die in silence, and leave to divine justice the task of your punition; but I have a son, who claims at my hands an account of the life he has received from you, and the miseries which you heap upon his existence. It is a sacred duty which I owe him to dedicate my life for his benefit, and nothing on earth shall urge me to forego that imperious duty.

After exhausting all the means that were left me to ensure the existence of your son, I pause at the only resource which you have left me, that of publishing my *Memoirs*. They are completed ready for the press, and arranged in a manner that cannot fail to draw down upon yourself the attention of all Europe. I am certain of finding pardon from public opinion, for a fault committed at a period of life when my age pleads in its extenuation, and which has been too severely expiated by the miseries almost unprecedented to which I have been subjected: you, Prince, will find judges more severe.

The seduction of a girl, the dishonouring a woman, who

* Thus, from one negotiation to another, and from transaction to transaction, time wore away, while my son and myself were subjected to incessant sufferings.—AL. P.

was guilty of no other offence in your eyes, but unbounded love and confidence; the abandonment of your child; and the repeated attempts on the mother and your boy by assassination and poison: these are crimes not to be pardoned by the public, even though perpetrated by princes. Before I deliver up these *Memoirs* to be published, for which several booksellers have already tendered me considerable sums, and to whom, by way of guarantee, I have shown your letters, those of your agents, and of the Princess your mother; I have thought it expedient to give you this timely notice. The manuscript is deposited in the hands of Monsieur Damaison, the King's Notary at Paris. You may, if you deem it expedient, cause the work to be inspected at the house of that public functionary, to whom I have equally confided all the original documents. Your reply or your silence, prolonged above one month, will determine me in the conduct I have to adopt.

I am, with respect, Sir,

Your Serene Highness's

Most humble and unfortunate servant.

No. 48.

Baron de Mohrenheim to Madame Alexandre.

His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Constantine is in possession, Madame, of the letter which you forwarded from Paris, dated 20th of September, 1821; it is by his order I have the honour of remitting this answer, to state that my Lord perfectly recollects the promise made of being at a future period useful to your son, and his Imperial Highness does not retract the assurance so given. As the family connection which united him to the house of Saxe-Cobourg is now entirely broken, he has no longer any means, by his relationship with that family, to act in your

behalf with Duke Ernest nor any other member of that house.*

His Imperial Highness, from the sentiments manifested in regard to you, and which your situation inspired, advises you, Madame, not to issue a pamphlet which, should it contain the narrative of grievous wrongs, would only afford a proof of condemnation against that person, who, from motives of vengeance, or some other cause, has been prompted to forget the obligations of attachment, indulgence, and favour, always imposed upon delicate and noble-minded personages, even when the intimacy that gave birth to them has ceased to exist. These considerations, in the opinion of his Imperial Highness, should the more powerfully act with you, Madame, as it is probable that by irritating those against whom your recriminations are directed, you would expose yourself, and be prejudicial to the interests of your child, in partly justifying, by such a measure, those ills, which, until the present moment, have not emanated from yourself. If, from the confidence you place in his Imperial Highness, you think fit to confide to him the perusal of your Memoirs, he will read them with particular interest, and gives his promise that no use shall be made of the manuscript, which can in any way prove prejudicial to your interests.

Will you have the goodness to acknowledge the receipt of the present, and accept the marks of consideration of

BARON DE MOHRENHEIM,
Private Secretary of his Imperial Highness.

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* It must be obvious to the reader how forcibly these letters come in support of the facts narrated in my Memoirs.—AL. P.

No. 49.

Baron de Mohrenheim to Madame Alexandre.

His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Constantine received, Madame, eight days ago, by a courier from Verona, the MS. Memoirs destined for his perusal.

My Lord has deputed me with the pleasurable commission of sending you the enclosed order for 500 francs. I take the speediest opportunity of executing the same, requesting, Madame, you will accept the sentiments of my warmest consideration.

Baron de Mohrenheim.

No. 50.

M. Damaison, Notary, to Madame Alexandre.

Paris, Monday, 6th January, 1823.

Madame,—I have received a visit from M. Javon, who makes you the offer of 5000 francs (£200) per annum, with the liberty of acting as you think requisite, in regard to your son: and you are to continue in possession of the documents you hold, as a guarantee for the payment of that pension.

I have promised to forward a reply early this day; and I therefore entreat you will enable me to act accordingly.

I have the honour, &c.

Damaison.

No. 51.

The same to the same.

Paris, 1st March, 1823.

M. Damaison, notary, has the honour of presenting his best respects to Madame Alexandre, and begs to state, that M. Javon has made him acquainted with the receipt of

an answer, which is likely to produce a definitive arrangement on the terms proposed.

M. Damaison, therefore, advises Madame Alexandre to adjourn or suspend the publication of her work until some decision takes place on the subject in question.*

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* Instead of agreeing to leave the proofs in my possession, as stipulated in the first letters, it was proposed that I should deposit them. I would not comply with such a condition; my documents are the only guarantees which remain in my hands, and it is my duty to preserve them. Yes; I am imperiously called upon not to relinquish them until the fate of my son be decided. Independently of this, the proposed annuity being only verbal, and the word of His Serene Highness having never carried with it any very sacred character, I was strictly justified in not acceding to a proposal which guaranteed nothing, and was evidently intended only as a trap laid to ensure the possession of my papers.—AL. P.

THE END.

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